JUNE 29, 1935

Liberty

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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...where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden: — I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

-------- **MAIL COUPON TODAY** --------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L6-29
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name _____

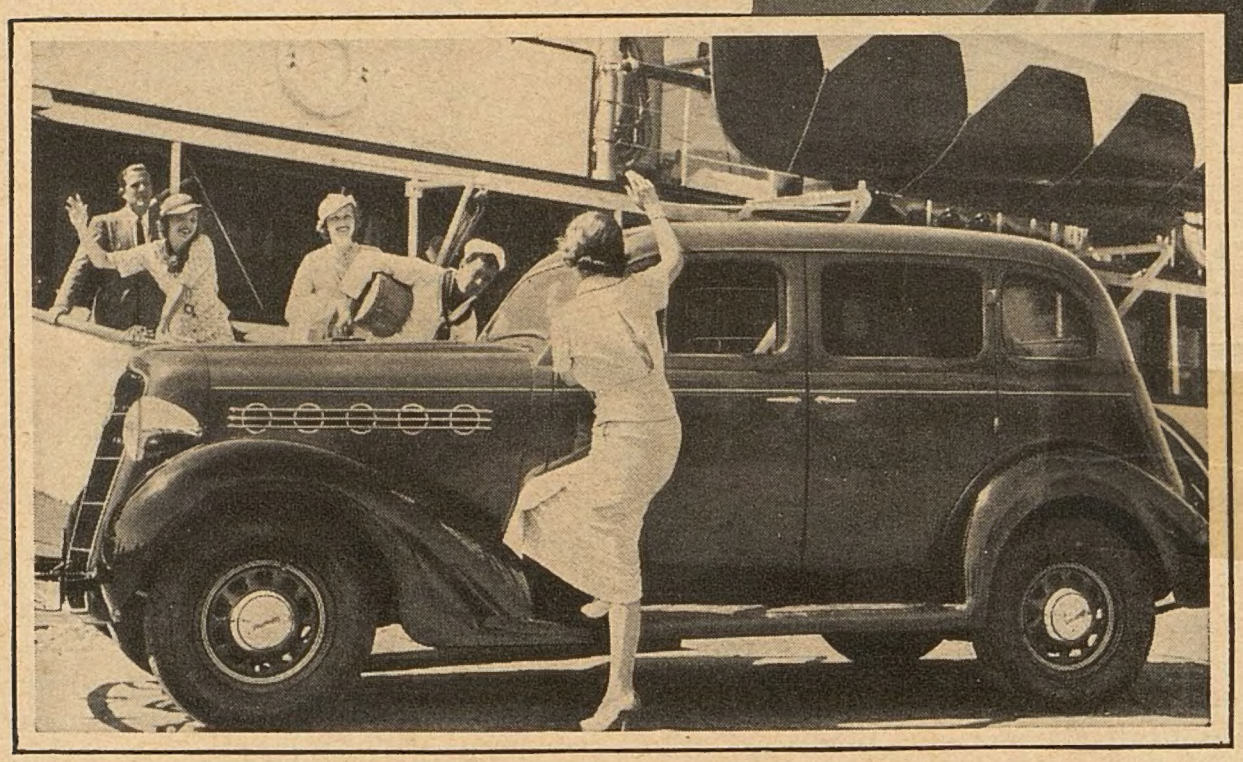
Street _____

Town _____ State _____

REMEMBER THIS EMBLEM—

It identifies America's Best-Engineered Low-priced Car!

IN THE SMARTEST PLACES . . . wherever things are happening . . . you'll see the emblem at the right. It's on the beautiful new Plymouth. It's today's new symbol of smartness. It stands for advanced engineering.



You will quickly see this when you drive "All Three"

EVERY DAY America's highways see a thousand more cars bearing this emblem of a ship in full sail. Every day a thousand new owners agree: "Plymouth's the best-engineered low-priced car."

It's no wonder they pick this beautiful, new Plymouth. Compare what Plymouth has to offer and you will, too.

Extra safety! Plymouth has a safety-steel body—all-steel throughout. It's the only leading low-priced car with genuine hydraulic brakes.

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New economy! Plymouth uses 12% to 20% less gas and oil. This important saving is made possible by new cooling and new ignition.

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Only Plymouth gives you All Four

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES

2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY

3. WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION

4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL

SAFEST BRAKES! You stop safely . . . quickly . . . without swerving . . . because Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes are self-equalized.

PLYMOUTH *Now only* $510

AND UP
LIST AT FACTORY
DETROIT
Special Equipment Extra

JUNE 29, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAPITAL and LABOR

TOGETHER WE STAND, SOLID SUBSTANTIAL, A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD
DIVIDED WE FALL--BRINGING CHAOS, RUIN, WRECKAGE, TO THE HOMES OF THE NATION.
CAPITAL
LABOR
ROBERT A CAMERON

SOME of us are inclined to hate the word "capitalism." But none of us has any love for slavery. And freemen want the privilege of owning their own homes. They want to control their personal lives, and a capitalistic democracy which has enabled this country to acquire half the wealth of the entire world is the only system that gives the workers such freedom.

And capital cannot live without labor. In fact, capital is the product of labor. Every tall building, every huge business organization, every dollar in every bank is the product of human labor.

The quarrel between capital and labor should be adjusted amicably, fairly to labor and capital.

When capital joins hands with the politicians, labor is often sacrificed through starvation wages. But when labor quarrels with capital and joins with the politicians, capital is sacrificed, business is destroyed, jobs disappear.

But if capital and labor stand together, they become a solid, substantial partnership.

A challenge to the world!

An absolutely unbeatable combination!

Let us build whatever restrictions may be necessary to insure the workmen a fair deal. But we cannot go ahead without capital. It is the substance necessary to oil the machinery of business. And governmental control, whatever it may be, must be fair not only to labor but to capital as well. The body cannot function unless the blood circulates through every part. Capital, money is the blood of business activity.

Without money there can be no business, and if the spirit of compromise, if fair dealing, can become a moving force in the relations of capital and labor, business, which has been staggering for years in a death struggle, will quickly find new life and vitality. And if the fight between capital and labor continues with selfish interests motivating both sides for too long a period, it will bring chaos, ruin, and wreckage to the nation.

In the last war Germany was beaten. But victor and vanquished suffered to an equal extent.

A prolonged fight between capital and labor will bring disaster not only to capital but to every home in the land.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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$500 FIRST PRIZE

C. E. Loos, Ben Avon, Pa.

$200 SECOND PRIZE

John R. McGaw, Shaker Heights, Ohio

$100 THIRD PRIZE

Henry Bruno, Chicago, Ill.

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W. W. Altman, Bellingham, Wash.; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; Ira G. Campbell, Honolulu, T. H.; Raymond E. Colliflower, Baltimore, Md.; Allyn I. Diehl, Akron, Ohio; Morton E. Feiler, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Emmett Flynn, Saginaw, Mich.; Philip T. Gabel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. I. Gaulding, Atlanta, Ga.; Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Vance Lane, Great Falls, Mont.; R. David Livingston, Coral Gables, Fla.; L. E. Long, Kansas City, Mo.; C. C. McMillan, Oakdale, Calif.; Mrs. F. S. Naiden, Marshalltown, Iowa; Eleanor B. Pettingill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; George H. Seigle, Missouri Valley, Iowa; Charles J. Tessar, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Frank Tybeskey, Roxborough, Phila., Pa.; A. C. Winston, Detroit, Mich.

TWO HUNDRED $5 PRIZES

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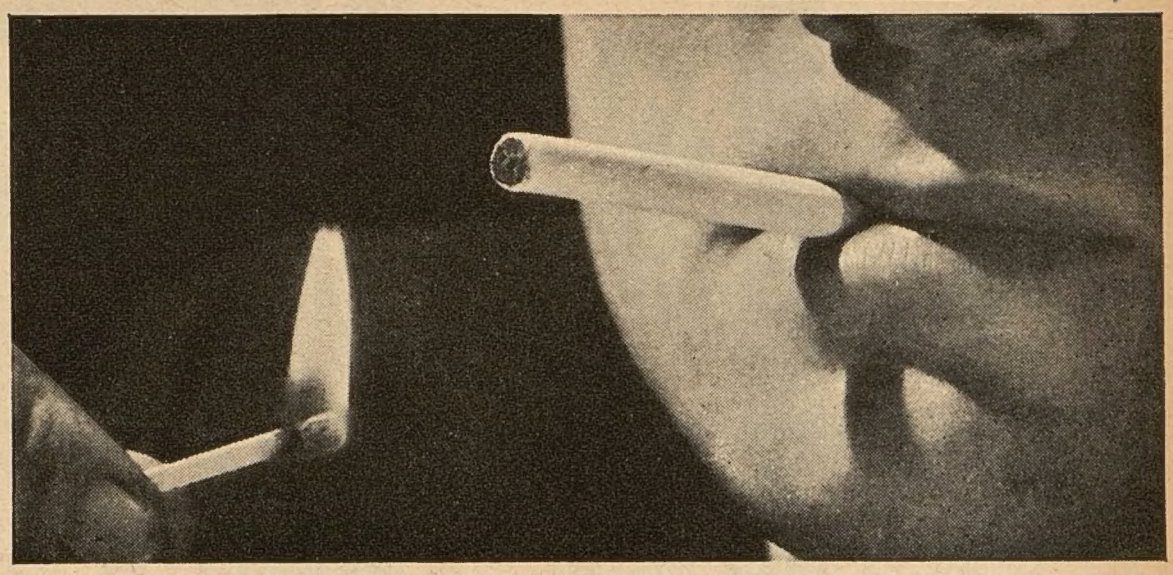
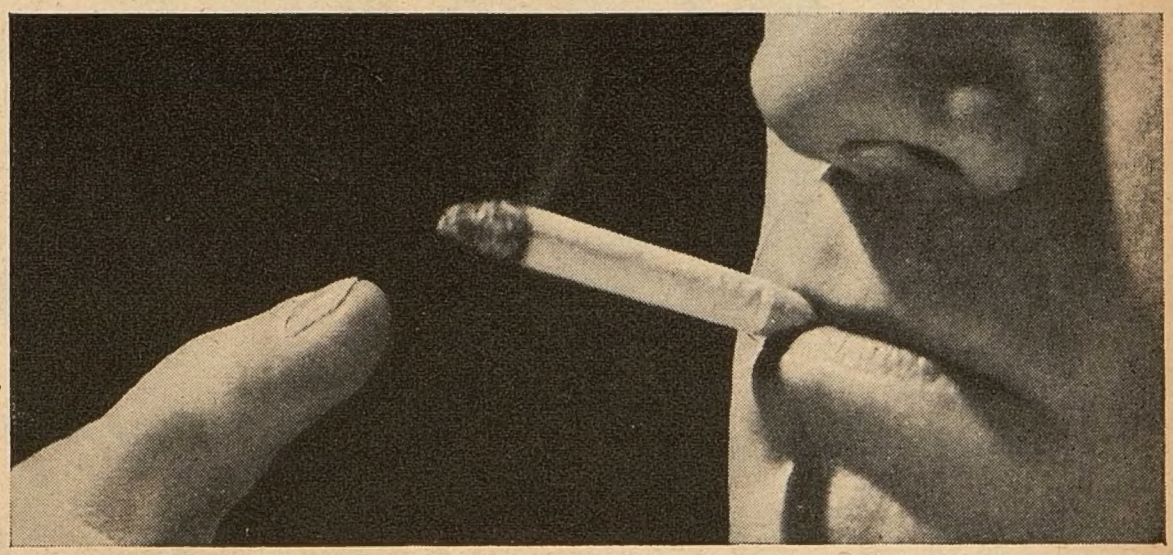
(To be continued in an early issue.)

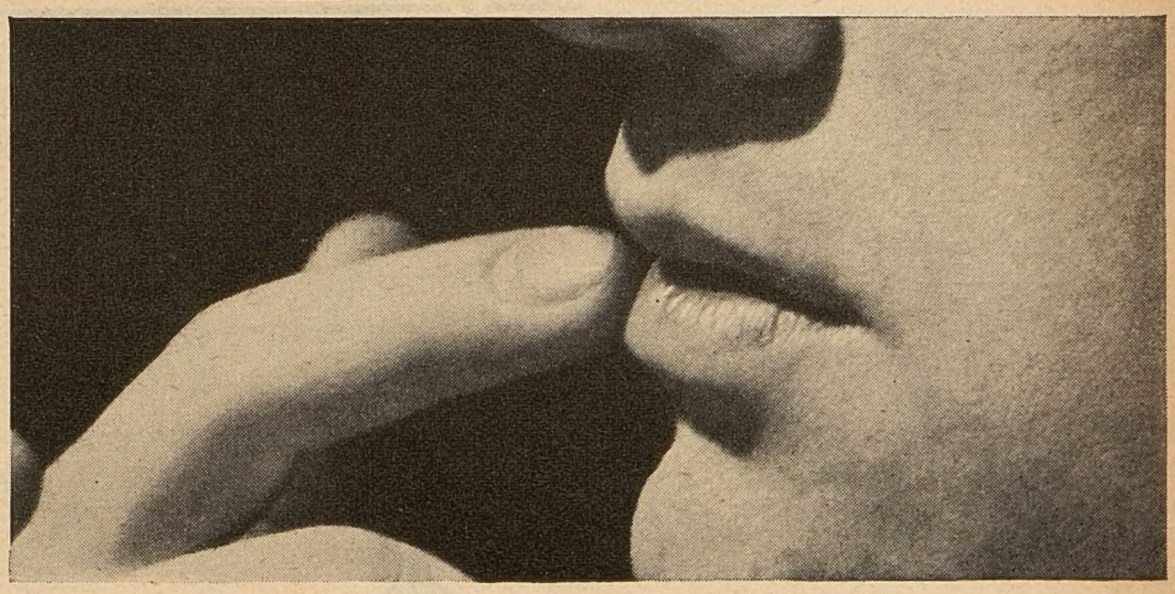
Where there's smoke



—there must be fire



—but only here



—not here

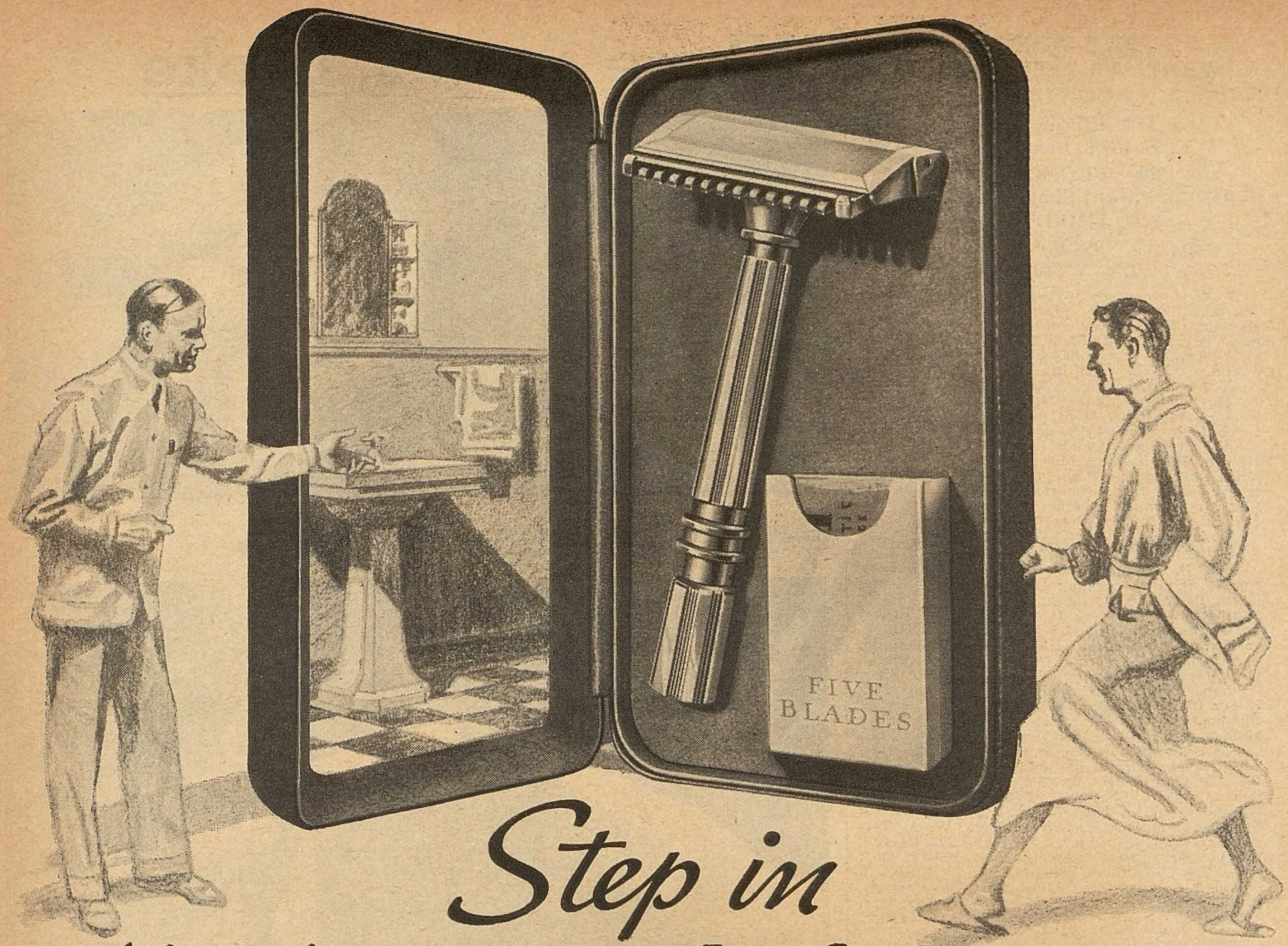
• Spud keeps the firebug in smoke where it belongs—*at the front end of your cigarette.* How? By a secret process that not only cools the tobacco and sifts out irritants—*but brings out the finest flavor of Spud's fragrant tobaccos.* That last is what the others can't copy.

CORK TIP OR PLAIN

15c FOR 20

(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



Step in
and let this *expert barber* shave you

GEM'S "little barber in a box" will keep your beard under 24-hour control with a once-over that never fusses the crankiest skin.

You *can't* use Gem incorrectly. Its shape compels you to work with the skilled barber's stroke which contacts the stubble at root-level, gets every hair in wrinkles and neck-folds, and prevents the scuffs, skips and choppy action of improperly slanted frames.

You can shave much closer with Gem Blades because their super-keen edges are safeguarded by Dual-Alignment (exclusive patent). Dual-Alignment sets the blade so precisely and 5-point locks it so unbudgingly that mischances are impossible. This unique protective feature puts Gem in a class by itself—therefore no other razor brings you the same shaving safety.

50% thicker Gem Micromatic Blades, built of the toughest textured surgical steel and stropped 4840 separate times, are so keen, and dull so slowly that indefinite use proves them *much* cheaper than the lowest priced substitutes.

Gem is a simple, *one-piece* razor with no take-down or corrodible parts—guaranteed unbreakable forever.

Handsomely boxed sets with five blades $1 at all dealers.

Or trigly packaged trial kits, with regular dollar razor plus single- and double-edged blade, for a quarter and *our* coupon.

©G.S.R.C.,1935

Gem Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L25, Brooklyn, N. Y.

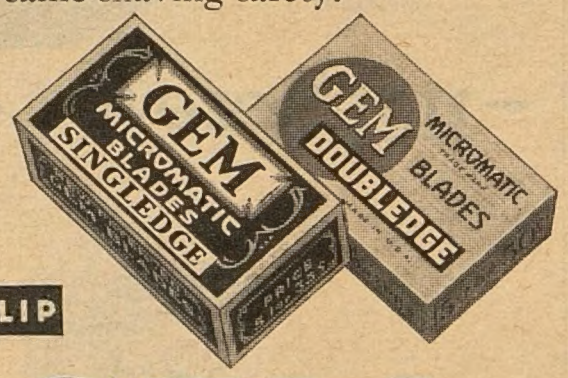
Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

PRINT NAME_____

STREET_____

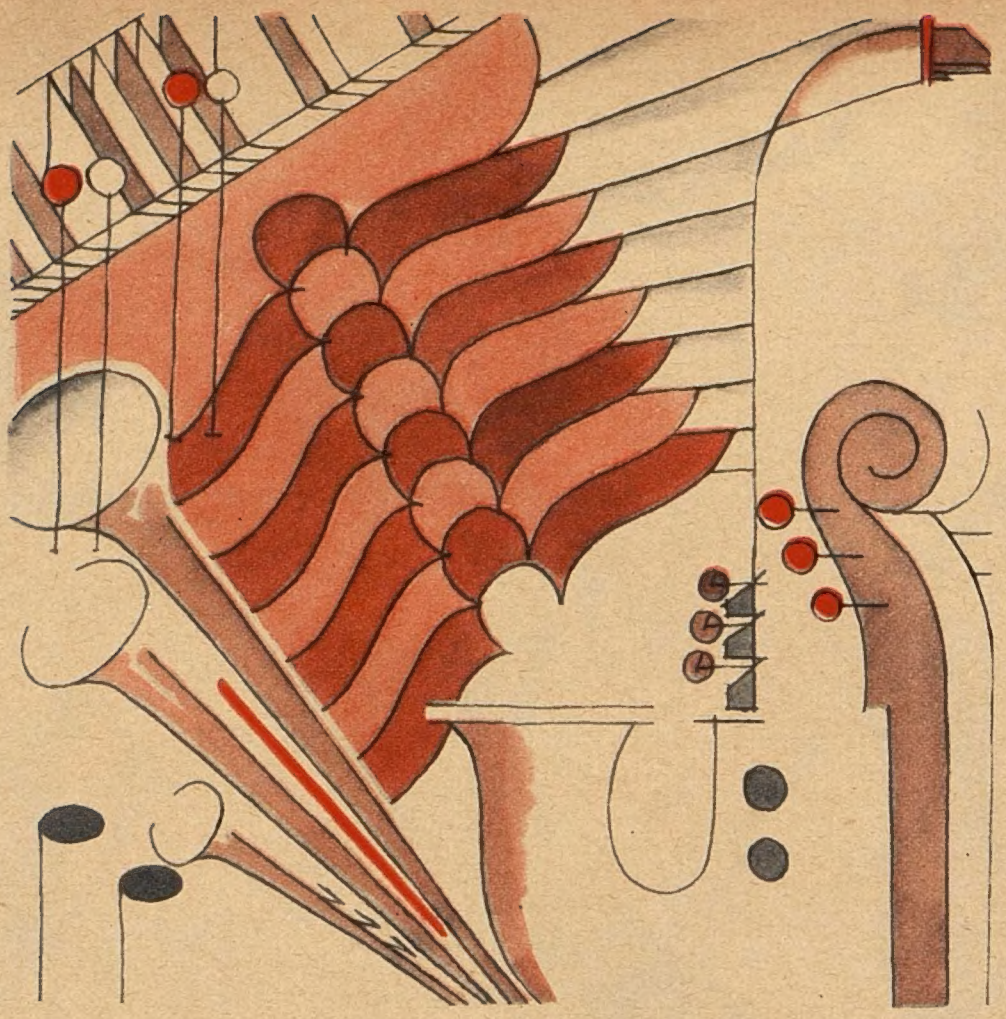
CITY_____ STATE_____

CLIP



GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist – it opens! Twist – it closes!*



FROM BEHIND THE SCENES IN RADIO COMES A JOYOUS TALE . . . THE STORY OF A SIREN, A SALESMAN, AND A SONG

Evening with Blotz

by FERRIN FRASER

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THEY paused briefly in the lobby of the Consolidated Broadcasting . Building. Bill Marsh, Consolidated salesman, held Dot Harris's little gloved hand in both his own and was blissfully unconscious of the roar of the radio world about them.

" Honey," he was saying, " if I don't get you on a program by next week—you won't have to marry me! "

" If you don't," smiled Dot sweetly, " I won't."

Bill's brown eyes looked very much as they had the evening before when he had gazed at Dot's little peach-pink face, on the Claridge roof. Or as they had two weeks before, when he had first seen her through the plate glass of a control room, crooning a husky audition into a carbon mike and making even a hard-boiled production man a bit groggy with her sleek blondeness.

" If only she could sing! " the production man had muttered.

And Bill had swung on him with " Sing! What difference does it make, when she *looks* like that! "

" Dot," he said, " let's get married first and settle your career afterward."

" If we settle it now," she said firmly, " we won't have to afterward. Bill, you get me on a program or I'll find somebody who will! "

" Don't you worry, honey. The way I feel now, when I step into that elevator you're as good as on! "

Reluctantly he dropped her hand, moved toward an elevator, and waved his own.

" The best salesman on the C. B. S. will keep you informed," he called. " Stick close to a telephone, honey." . . .

" BRYANT 9-1212 . . .

" Hello, honey! . . . Yeah, it's me—Bill. I wasn't long calling, was I? Told you I'd do it! . . . Well, no—not quite. But you're as good as on, honey, as good as on. . . . Listen, Dot—what are you doing tonight? . . . Oh. Sometimes I think you like that guy. . . . Just business, eh? . . . Anyway, honey,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D'ALTON VALENTINE

I'll have some news for you in about an hour. Stick close to that phone."

Two hours later Bill Marsh stepped briskly through an oak doorway and placed an impressive-looking portfolio on the businesslike desk of Mr. Samuel P. Blotz.

"Mr. Blotz," he said, "I've come to do you a favor."

Mr. Blotz, a round little man, the brass chandelier above reflecting in the bald spot on his head, looked up sharply.

"Mr. Blotz, do you know that half the homes in America still use carpet tacks in their carpets?"

"It's the best way to lay a carpet," Mr. Blotz agreed. "So far as I know, it's the only way."

"And do you know that radio covers not only those homes but eighty per cent of the rest?"

"I didn't," admitted Mr. Blotz.

"You'd like to sell more carpet tacks, wouldn't you?" demanded Bill.

"Being in the tack business," Mr. Blotz nodded, "that's the general idea."

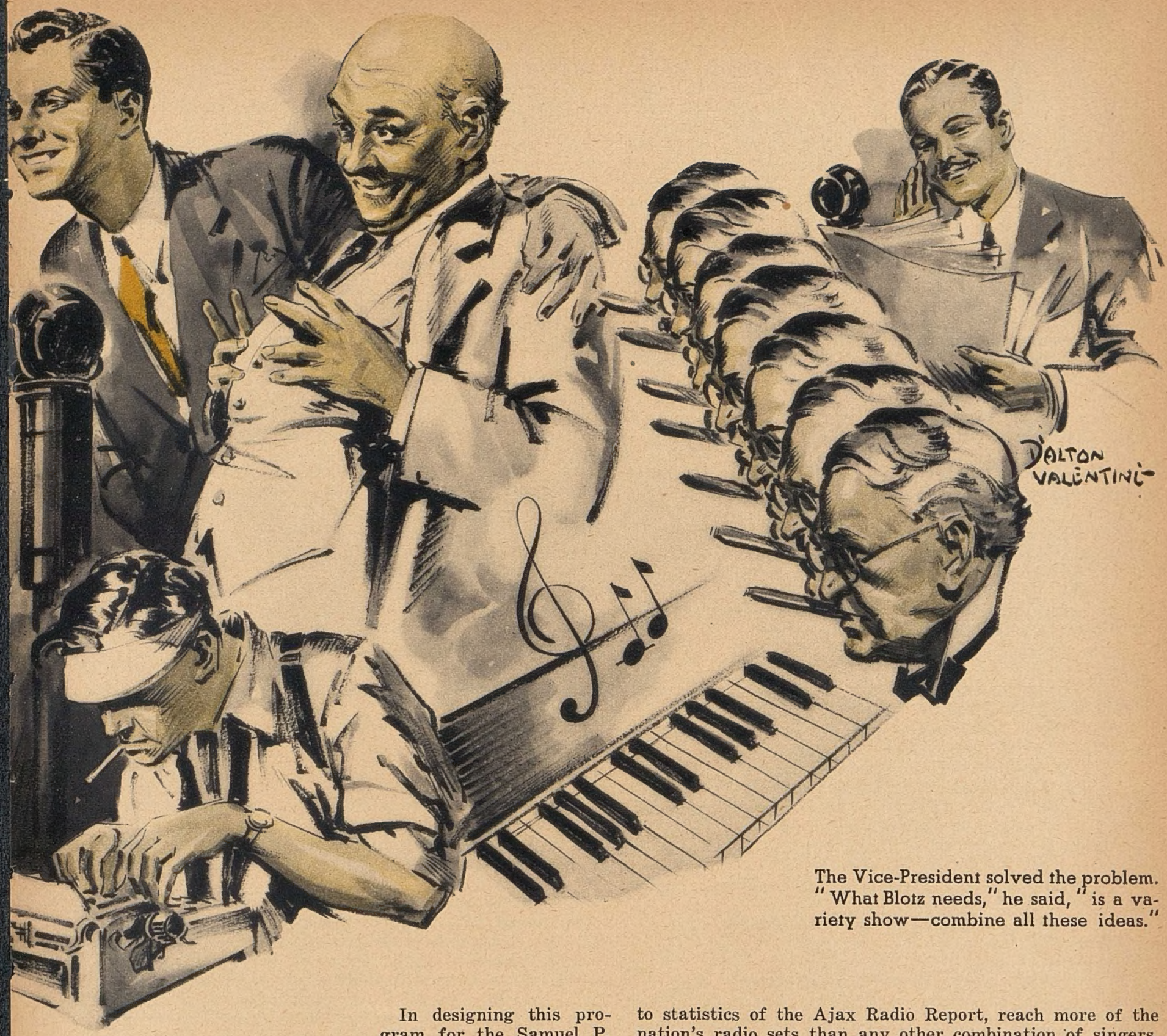
"Then consider it as good as done," said Bill. "I have here a presentation made by our Sales Promotion Staff. I would like you to read it, Mr. Blotz."

"Hum," said Mr. Blotz, and cautiously took the blue-covered presentation labeled:

THE BLOTZ COLORED CARPET TACK COMPANY, INC.
A RADIO PROGRAM IDEA

"Oh," said Mr. Blotz. "It's radio you're selling, young man. I was beginning to wonder."

"Not selling," said Bill. "*Giving* you the opportunity of a lifetime, Mr. Blotz, to profit by the world's greatest advertising medium. Read on, please."

Mr. Blotz read on.

The Vice-President solved the problem. "What Blotz needs," he said, "is a variety show—combine all these ideas."

In designing this program for the Samuel P. Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc., the Consolidated Broadcasting Service has kept three points in mind: (1) the dignity of the program; (2) the dignity of the product—i. e., carpet tacks; (3) the dignity of the sponsor. Thus we have an hour on the air that is full of—

"Dignity," said Mr. Blotz, looking up.

"You see," explained Bill, "the Consolidated's idea is to get dignity into carpet tacks. Read on, please."

Carpet tacks are a necessity in every home that has carpets. But the advertising slant the Consolidated Broadcasting Service has decided to adopt for the Samuel P. Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc., is to make tacks a necessity in *every* home, regardless of carpets. For instance: tacks may be used to hang pictures, to repair faulty electric wiring, to replace linoleum, to tie back lace curtains, to keep neighbors' dogs and tramps from the yard (by spreading them freely on the ground), as an aid in dish washing, etc. Thus, through the medium of radio and this new slant the Consolidated Broadcasting Service spreads the market and increases the demand for the Blotz Tack—

"Hum," said Mr. Blotz, looking up. "We tried that idea twenty years ago, young man."

"But not with radio, Mr. Blotz. Read on, please."

Morton Downey, Ruth Etting, and Rudy Vallee, according to statistics of the Ajax Radio Report, reach more of the nation's radio sets than any other combination of singers. Therefore the Consolidated Broadcasting Service has decided to give the Samuel P. Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc., Willie Barrett and Dot Harris—

"Why Willie Barrett?" asked Mr. Blotz.

"Willie Barrett is a bass," explained Bill.

"Oh," said Mr. Blotz. "And why Dot Harris?"

"Dot Harris," Bill said, "is the most beautiful, the most divine-looking girl in the world!"

"She sounds great," said Mr. Blotz, "for radio."

"Oh," added Bill. "She also sings. When would you like to hear an audition, Mr. Blotz?"

"A what?"

"An audition. It won't cost you a penny, Mr. Blotz. Consolidated Broadcasting Service will be delighted to give you an audition. Then you can *hear* Dot Harris—the charm of her voice, the appeal of her personality."

"She does sound interesting," admitted Mr. Blotz.

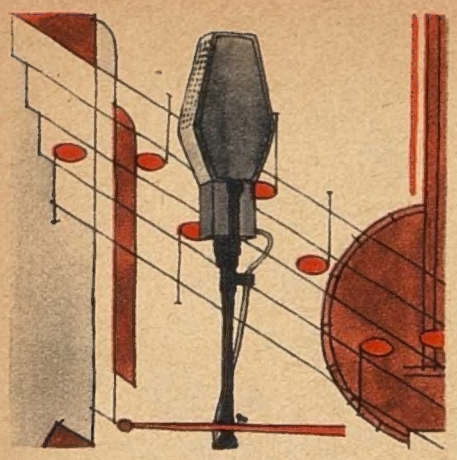
"She's a natural! What are you doing tomorrow?"

"I thought," said Mr. Blotz, "I might work."

"Surely you can come to the studio for an hour. Bring your stenographers, Mr. Blotz, your telephone girls, your typists! Get a cross section of the national pull of your program! Suppose we say three o'clock!" . . .

"BRYANT 9-1212 . . .

"Hello, Dot? . . . Say, honey—I've sold you! . . . Yeah, on a program! . . . Honest! . . .



Starts next week! Thirteen weeks, five times a week! . . . Sure it's a sure thing! All settled. Of course you'll have to give an audition first for Blotz. . . . Blotz! It's a name, not ink spots on a blotter. . . . He makes carpet tacks. . . . Carpet tacks. You know, what people lay carpets with. . . . I'm going back to Consolidated now and get the program planned. . . . Yeah, I'll keep you informed. Gee, I love you, honey!"

Thirty-five minutes later Bill pushed open the door of the Commercial Division of the Consolidated Broadcasting Service and hailed Mr. McMurdock, Vice-President in Charge of Programs.

"Got a sure sale," he announced. "Audition tomorrow. Blotz is completely sold. He—"

"Who?"

"Blotz—the sponsor. He wants to go on the air next week. We've got to audition tomorrow so he can hear his show."

The Vice-President in Charge of Programs sighed.

"What *is* his show?"

"I sold him Willie Barrett—"

"Willie Barrett happens to be under exclusive contract to the Daggett Doggie Dinner account. If you salesmen only wouldn't try to build shows!"

"We can get Dot Harris," said Bill.

"Who?"

"Don't you remember her, Mr. McMurdock? She gave a sustaining audition two weeks ago. She—"

"You mean that soprano with a frog in her throat?"

"It's not a real frog. It—"

"We all decided she was *terrible!*"

"But you only heard her, Mr. McMurdock. You didn't see her. She"—Bill plunged—"she's a cousin or something of Blotz's. He insists on having her. In fact I guess that's the only reason he's going on the air. You've *got* to put her in, Mr. McMurdock."

The Vice-President in Charge of Programs sighed again.

"What's his product?" he asked resignedly.

"Whose?"

"Blotz's."

"Oh—carpet tacks. Here's the advertising slant the Vice-President in Charge of Presentations made up for continuity. Blotz wants something big, original, sensational. I'll leave it all to you, Mr. McMurdock."

"Thanks. Wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"While you're building the show," said Bill, "I've got an important phone call to make!"

"BRYANT 9-1212 . . .

"Hello, honey! . . . It's all set! Audition tomorrow at three! . . . You'll be a wow. Every one around here is crazy over your voice. I guess they all remember that audition you gave. McMurdock, our Vice-President in Charge of Programs, just intimated to me it was the most unusual voice he'd ever heard. . . . Listen, honey. Who's that voice I hear talking over the wire? . . . Oh, leaving milk, eh. Well, I'll let you know about the program as soon as I get it built, honey."

The Consolidated Broadcasting Service's Commercial Division was about to create a program for the Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc. Five cigarettes were lighted, five chairs tilted back against the green wall of the office of the Vice-President in Charge of Programs, and five minds prepared to devote themselves to the task of building radio's newest and most original program.

"What's the account, Mr. McMurdock?"

"The Samuel P. Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc."

"What are colored carpet tacks?"

"How do I know?"

"Can't we get some samples?"

The Vice-President in Charge of Programs pressed a buzzer on his desk.

"Miss Marshall, send out and get a box of Samuel P. Blotz Colored Carpet Tacks."

"Yes, sir." . . .

"Say, what's Mildred Walker doing now?"

"On twice a week—sustaining."

"Couldn't we put her in this Blotz show? She's an awful sweet kid, and I promised her that if I got the chance—"

"I'd just as soon give Mildred a job," the vice-president said, "only this show already has a soprano."

"Blotz's wife?"

"According to Marsh it's his cousin—Dot Harris."

"Not that human frog that gave an audition a couple of weeks ago?"

"Well, we'll put her in for one number and try to forget she's there. The main thing is, what to do with the show?"

"I think this product needs a script act."

"You can't sell carpet tacks with a script act. What this show needs is a jazz band and a quartet—you know, something different. We could call the quartet the Four Tack Pounders of Parnassus—"

"THERE'S no dignity in that. The presentation says Blotz wants dignity. My idea was to use a symphony orchestra—sort of like the Philharmonic, only with a lot of saxophones for popular appeal. For a theme song we could use the Anvil Chorus—"

"Why the Anvil Chorus?"

"Because there are hammers in it! Hammers—tacks! See?"

"Yes—but they're pounding anvils."

"We could write a lyric: 'Clang! Clang! Clang! The ham-mers pound the col-lerd Blotz Tack—Blotz Tack!' Get it?"

"It makes it sound sort of hard to drive. We need a theme like Parlez Moi d'Amour. Have just the saxes play it and—"

"Why that song?"

"It gets across the idea that laying a carpet is a task of love if you use Blotz Tacks."

The Vice-President in Charge of Programs suddenly solved the problem with a flash of his usual inspiration. It was why he was a vice-president.

"What Blotz needs," he said, "is a variety show—color, speed, life. What we do is *combine all these ideas!* Put in a symphony orchestra, add the Four Tack Pounders of Parnassus for background, get George Abbott or somebody to write a dramatization showing how easy it is to use these tacks, have a thirty-two voice chorus to sing the theme song, and use Heinie Holtz and his stooge for comedy. There it is, gentlemen—a one-hundred-percent radio show, new, different, original!"

"But how about Blotz's cousin—this Harris girl?"

Mr. McMurdock passed a pale hand across his overworked brow.

"Let her sing two lines in the closing theme," he said. "We've got one of the greatest shows in radio here—and we don't want to ruin it!" . . .

"BRYANT 9-1212 . . .

"Hello, honey. . . . It's Bill. . . . Yeah, I'm glad you don't answer 'honey' to everybody. . . . Girl, is your show going to be a wow! . . . Of course you're featured! The *star!* . . . Yeah, there are some other things in it, but they don't count. . . . I told Blotz all about you and he's crazy over you. . . . Blotz. Samuel P. Blotz, honey. Why? . . . Oh, you just wanted to know. See you tomorrow, honey. Audition at three."

The Clients' Audition Room of the Consolidated Broadcasting Service was comfortably full of smoke. The long mahogany table which ran down its center contained brown boxes of La Paulo Cigars and yellow packages of New Silver Cigarettes—C. B. S. accounts—placed there by order of Mr. Ransom, Vice-

FERRIN FRASER

declares — and he should know, for he was continuity editor of a broadcasting system—that Evening with Blotz is true to life. Mr. Fraser is author of five books and hundreds of short stories which have appeared in the leading magazines. He was born in Lockport, N. Y., and was graduated from Columbia University.

President in Charge of Sales Relations. The luxurious lounge chairs were also comfortably full.

Seven vice-presidents were in attendance, all smiling and talking cheerfully at little Mr. Samuel P. Blotz of the Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc. Mr. Blotz seemed modestly bewildered by such effulgence. No—he didn't play golf; sorry—he hadn't seen the play at the New Amsterdam. Really? He'd always supposed cups were to drink coffee from and not to play tennis over.

The vice-presidents in turn seemed slightly bewildered.

"We've arranged a marvelous program for you, Mr. Blotz," Mr. Royce, Vice-President in Charge of Sales, said finally.

For the first time Mr. Blotz seemed interested. Not understanding sales psychology as practiced by executives of the radio world, apparently he had been wondering when the matter of his audition would come up.

"What's on it?" asked Mr. Blotz mildly.

"Why—er—" Mr. Royce turned to Mr. Ransom. "What's on it, Mr. Ransom?"

The Vice-President in Charge of Sales Relations turned to the Vice-President in Charge of Artists and Musicians.

"You tell him, Mr. Cameron."

"I think perhaps Mr. Davidson, our Vice-President in Charge of—"

The door opened and Bill Marsh came in. Seven radio executives sighed in intense relief.

"We're ready in the studio," said Bill.

"Very well," said Mr. Royce. "Begin. And what a thrill you're going to have, Mr. Blotz!"

"Thanks," said Mr. Blotz.

The loud-speaker in the audition room clicked, the engineer beside it adjusted his earphones and twisted a dial, and Mr. Blotz heard a tremendous fanfare played by eighty-two instruments. Then he heard the voice of David Moss, while thirty-two voices chanted: *"Clang! Clang! Clang! The ham-mers pound the col-lerd Blotz Tack—Blotz Tack—"*

The chant faded slightly and David Moss spoke over it:

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever!' Thus sang the immortal poet Shakespeare. And, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, do you know that you can have beauty right in your own homes?—in your own carpets?—in your own carpet tacks? You can!—thanks to Mr. Samuel P. Blotz of the Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Company, Inc.! With Blotz you express your personality in your carpet tacks!" . . .

MR. BLOTZ spoke to the seven vice-presidents.

"Hum," he said.

". . . And now the Four Tack Pounders of Parnassus, accompanied by the Blotz Colored Carpet Tack Symphony Saxophone Orchestra, will sing Only God Can Make a Tree."

Mr. Blotz listened intently, tried to discover why only God could make a tree as declaimed by the Four Tack Pounders.

The Saxophone Symphony Orchestra faded slightly and David Moss's voice said:

"Now our Evening with Blotz takes us to a typical American home—that of Mr. and Mrs. Everybody. Mr. Everybody is in his parlor, and, as everybody does at some time in his life, is laying a carpet. Listen."

Mr. Blotz listened to synthetic sounds of pounding by the Consolidated Broadcasting Service's Sound Department, coupled by panting from Mr. Everybody. Then Mrs. Everybody came in an obvious studio door with a box of Blotz Carpet Tacks Number 1,894— "Just the shade of the carpet, dear, and so easy to drive!" Mrs. Everybody, very, very daintily, was showing Mr. Everybody how perfectly marvelous the Blotz Tacks were when Mr. Blotz, feeling thirsty and noticing a water cooler in one corner of the audition room, got up and got himself a drink. When he returned to his chair the Wilberforce drama was over and the Blotz Saxophone Symphony was playing The Afternoon of a Faun.

"What did you think?" the Vice-President in Charge of Programs whispered to Mr. Blotz.

"It might have been cooler," said Mr. Blotz.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The water," said Mr. Blotz.

With the ringing of a fire bell and the beating of two bass drums, Heinie Holtz and his five stooges took over the program for what David Moss announced was "the Blotz funfest, a riot of mirth and merriment by Broadway's highest priced comedian, through the courtesy of Samuel P. Blotz."

Heinie Holtz talked German dialect; he talked Jewish dialect; he was a Swiss admiral; he was a Russian prince; he laughed uproariously at his own jokes.

And in the audition room he was joined by seven vice-presidents.

Mr. Blotz looked at his watch.

"And so we come to the end of this first Evening with Blotz, the colored carpet tacks that allow you to express your personality and prove a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Remember Colored Blotz Tacks next time you lay your carpets, and every time that you hear this theme:

"Clang! Clang! Clang! The ham-mers pound the col-lerd Blotz Tack—Blotz Tack—"

LIKE a husky horn in a fog the voice of Dot Harris came out of the audition-room loud-speaker. Seven vice-presidents shuddered. The Vice-President in Charge of Programs tried to indicate by gestures that this atrocity, this ruination of a perfect program, had been forced upon him. Fourteen eyes turned violently on Bill Marsh, who was staring dreamily at the audition-room chandelier.

Then, as the Saxophone Symphony Orchestra and the thirty-two voice chorus, aided by the Four Tack Pounders of Parnassus, came to a rousing climax, the eyes moved as one to Mr. Blotz.

"I'm sorry—" began the Vice-President in Charge of Client Relations.

"There's been a mistake," said the Vice-President in Charge of Sales.

"That voice—" said the Vice-President in Charge of Chain Facilities.

"—should never have been on the program," finished the Vice-President in Charge of Artists and Musicians.

Mr. Blotz looked up in mild surprise.

"I thought it rather nice," he said meekly.

The Vice-President in Charge of Programs dropped his La Paulo cigar. Bill Marsh dropped his eyes from the chandelier with equal swiftness.

"In fact," Mr. Blotz continued, "I've decided to go on the air. But I don't want any of that junk. All I want in my show is a piano—and that voice." . . .

"BRYANT 9-1212 . . .

"Hello, Dot! . . . Why did you run away from the studio after the audition? I looked all over for you. I s'pose you thought you didn't have a chance after the dirty deal McMurdock gave you. But, honey, I've got great news. You're sold! Just as I promised! Everybody was crazy over you. I never saw our vice-presidents get so excited over a voice! Blotz is going to put you on the air with a twenty-piece jazz orchestra and . . . What? . . . Just a piano? Well . . . You knew you were sold? . . . What? . . . Last night? Before the audition? . . . When you talked with Sam in his office? Sam who? . . . Oh—Blotz! . . . That's why you wanted to know his name yesterday? . . . I don't get this, honey—after all I've done for you! Suppose I run out and we'll talk it over? . . . What? . . . There's been enough talk already? . . . You can't? . . . What? . . . Oh! You're spending your first evening with Blotz!"

THE END

A great many McGuffys were in the garden. In the center stood Jamie clad in underwear and a pair of stuffed mittens.

A SPRIGHTLY STORY OF WHAT LOVE CAN LEARN FROM THE SECRETS IN A SMALL BOY'S SOUL

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A Regular Guy

by LEONA

IN a wing of Dr. Harell's white house on the cliff, his dark distinguished-looking young assistant sat at a casement window and drummed on his desk. It behooved him to remember, Dr. Bishop was thinking, that his chief was on his way to Europe with his wife. He would have to stop listening for the sound of Jacqueline's voice and her step on the stairs.

Funny. She was just what she had been—Dr. Harell's youngest sister who lived with her aunt; and yet, until she motored up from Maryland to stay with Dr. Harell's children, he had forgotten all about her.

Well, he would have to forget her again. He was a specialist, he told himself, in full charge of the eyes, ears, noses, and throats of Dr. Harell's patients; and

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ROBERT E. LEE

DALRYMPLE

instead of thinking of old Mrs. Wooley's middle ear which had just left the office, he was thinking again of Jacqueline's black healthy hair and the smoky blue of her eyes. Harell blue. It was coloring like Patty's, Dr. Harell's daughter, who was six years old; and with Patty chewing leaves in the mint bed on the other side of the window, it was difficult to forget her aunt. The doctor raised the screen.

"Pat," he called sternly, "lay off that mint! Where's Jamie?"

"Here I am, doc." A small thin boy in spectacles came out of the arbor at the back of the house. He was Dr. Harell's son.

"Doc," Jamie protested, coming into the office, "I'm kinda tired of gettin' examined every week."

The young doctor wrote his name on a pad. "Of course you're tired of it, Jamie. But I promised your father. All set?"

Nothing that day about Jamie seemed to displease him but Jamie's weight.

"Are you sure," he said, troubled, "that you eat all of those things I tell you to eat?"

"Yes, sir." A faint flush crept slowly over Jamie's sensitive face. It was a thin, fragile face with his mother's dark luminous eyes and leaf-brown hair. "I do when I can, doc."

"I know. You do your best. I'm due at the clinic, Jamie, in half an hour. If anybody calls up after the nurse goes, tell Aunt Jacqueline I'll be back at eight o'clock."

Young Dr. Bishop, in the opinion of the Cliff, was working oftener nights.

At eight o'clock the one consultant in Dr. Bishop's office was Jacqueline Harell. It was astonishing, John Bishop thought, what a blue-eyed girl in a grape-colored dress could do for a doctor's office.

"Dr. Bishop," Jacqueline said, "I'm worried about Jamie. Is he always like this? I mean, he curls up under a tree with his dog or he sits around in the kitchen with the cook—I'm not at all sure I understand him."

John Bishop said slowly, "None of us do."

Jamie's eleven years, he pointed out, had been difficult years. Years of crooked eyes he had hated. Years when he hadn't been strong enough to risk an operation. At last Dr. Harell's big arms had carried him into an operating room and the hated eyes had been straightened. But the years had left in Jamie's mind hidden scars.

"Jamie's a little lone wolf," Dr. Bishop explained. "He thinks too much; and if what he's thinking isn't happy, he doesn't eat."

"Doctor"—Jacqueline hesitated—"is he ill-natured?"

A bedlam of barks broke out and the romping feet of a boy and a dog knocked over a chair and some fire irons.

"Jamie? Bless your heart, when you open him up he's as genial as his father."

"Well," Jacqueline said, "tonight a cousin of his mother's dropped in to see him—"

"Bob Winslow!"

"How did you know?"

"That guy," the doctor commented, "is psychic. Whenever a pretty girl turns up in the home of a relative, he's as clannish as a crow."

Jacqueline colored. "Jamie stared at him, and Mr. Winslow said, 'Don't you know me, Jamie?' And Jamie said in the oddest voice, 'Never saw you before in my life.'"

"I can't imagine it," the doctor said, astounded.

"And, doctor, there's something else. That dreadful old Miss Beasley in the house on the corner. Do you think Jamie ought to drink tea with her and—and gossip?"

"HEAVENS!" Dr. Bishop said, appalled. "Does he? I'll call her up and tell her to give him milk."

"But that isn't the point. Mr. Winslow insists she's really an outrageous old scoundrel!"

"Oh, nonsense!" John Bishop said comfortably. "She was smart enough to outwit some of her relatives who tried to get her money away from her and she talks back to lawyers. Bob's a lawyer. It's because Jamie doesn't get along with kids that I'd be disinclined to take away from him even Miss Beasley. I'm afraid he's a special sort of problem we have to handle with care or he'll eat even less than he does." He hovered beside her. "Let's talk it over again tomorrow night."

"I'm sorry." Her color rose. "Tomorrow night I'm going to the Country Club dance." The door closed.

The young doctor returned to his desk and irritably thumbed over the pages of a telephone book in search of Miss Beasley's number. "She's going, of course, with Bob," he thought. "It's the way he always begins."

Miss Beasley, dialed, identified his voice. She had known him most of his life.

"What's the big idea of filling my patient up with tea?" he demanded. "After this give Jamie good rich milk, and plenty of it."

Miss Beasley sniggered. "John," she said gruffly, "are you working again tonight? You'll wear that office out before Harell gets back." . . .

In the trying days that followed, Mr. Winslow, a good-looking young man with sandy hair and hazel eyes, motored in and out of the driveway at odd times, sat around on the porches with Jacqueline, tinkled a ukulele, and praised the doctor's industry.

"Doc," Jamie said one morning, "Aunt Jacqueline says I gotta pull a garden party under the trees, and tie Bull up"—Jamie for no discernible reason had christened his collie Bull—"and mix with the kids."

The day before the lawn party, Dr. Bishop called Jamie in for his usual overhauling, weighed him, and stared at the scales. Jamie had lost three pounds.

The doctor appeared in the kitchen and consulted Sedalia, the colored cook.

"Doc," Sedalia exploded, "I fixes ev'ything yo' tell me to fatten him up, but if yo' want dat chil' to pick up, yo' gotta bawl Miss Jacqueline out fo' draggin' all de chilluns on de block in to eat with him. They nudge each other and giggle an' laugh at his specks."

Mr. Winslow's ukulele was droning again on the porch. The doctor went to the door.

"Miss Harell," he said, "could I speak to you a minute or two in my office?"

"My dear fellow," Bob Winslow protested, "every time she leaves me I have a sinking spell. Is it important?"

"It's important," Dr. Bishop retorted. "Go off somewhere and sink. If you need any lead I'll pay for it."

In the office, she looked inquiringly at his sober face.

"Miss Harell," he said immediately, "for several years your brother and I have fought in Jamie's blood the risk of a dangerous anemia. I know you mean to be kind, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you not to force Jamie to entertain any more guests of his own age, not even at a lawn party."

Jacqueline flushed. "Dr. Bishop, Jamie needs friends!"

"Not if they make him thinner. Jamie isn't comfortable with boys of his own age. He's been ill so much of his life that he can't do anything in just the way a boy should do it, and the kids laugh at him."

"He's acting very strangely," Jacqueline said. "He disappears for hours and hours and he won't tell you where he's been, and if Patty looks at him when you're asking, he sticks out his neck. Patty's afraid of him."

"If Pat's afraid of him," John Bishop said skeptically, "I'll bet a plugged nickel he's got something on her."

JACQUELINE rose. "I'll telephone the children," she said, "and call the party off."

That week, without any guests at his table but the ubiquitous Mr. Winslow, Jamie gained some weight.

"My good gosh!" the doctor breathed. "You've gained nineteen ounces."

"Doc," Jamie said, perspiring—"doc, pop told me if I had anything on my chest to come and tell it to you."

"You bet!"

"Every day—every day I go down the cliff to the river!"

It was forbidden ground, that cliff back of the avenue. It dropped steeply to a dirt road and a river and a district of shacks and coal yards.

"I—I go down," Jamie exploded, "to see—Red McGuffy!"

"Who in heck," the doctor demanded, "is Red McGuffy?"

"He's my age," Jamie said, blinking, "and he lives on the river in an old coal barge tied to a tree."

"What made you dig him up?"

"I didn't, doc. He came up here lookin' for me. I was takin' a walk with Bull, and he tackled me. He asked me," Jamie said, his face dark with disgust, "if I had a little sister with black bobbed hair and blue eyes six years old, and he said she was drivin' him crazy. Doc, she follows him around and she hangs around on the ball field, and he said it don't even do any good to yell or throw stones at her. Red said he was sick of the sight of her and he asked me if I couldn't call her off. And when I told him I didn't know how, he—he asked me if I didn't have somethin' on her. I got plenty on her all right," Jamie declared grimly. "Pop says anybody has any time. But I had to think about it first. And the next day I went down the cliff to see him."

"Does this McGuffy kid stick out his neck, Jamie?"

"Yes, sir. Anything you say to him he contradicts, just to be tough."

"You weren't afraid of him?"

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

Marvelous Results in Short Time: I received my J. B. L. Cascade March 12th and started using it exactly according to your directions. The results are marvelous for so short a time and I am anticipating much for the future through using it.

Six days after using it I visited my doctor and the nurse who has given me, to be exact, 131 colonic irrigations during the past three and one-half years. They were very surprised and delighted at my condition and appearance. It was the first time they had seen me without being bloated. The nurse said my intestines were in better condition than she had seen them since my last surgery. My whole family are so happy about it.

I had my surgery and take my colonics in Wichita, which is 96 miles from Salina, so you can imagine what a relief it will be, with the help of the Cascade, to discontinue those trips. Then, too, the last three months my intestines were worse each trip and I did not seem to get relief from the colonics as I did at first. We realized that each ten days was not often enough but I felt I had neither the strength nor the money to go oftener. Now, with the Cascade, I can use it as often as I feel the need of it.

Several of my friends have asked me if I am not feeling better of late, stating that my color is better and I don't seem so tired out. I do feel better. It is such a wonderful relief to not be so bloated all the time.

I just wish it were possible for every one who has bowel trouble to have a Cascade.

Sincerely yours,
Alma .....
(Name furnished upon request)
(March 21, 1935),
Salina, Kans.

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J.B.L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J.B.L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J.B.L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J.B.L.

You may use my letter if you wish.
Yours truly,
(Signed) MABEL SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J.B.L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly, I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J.B.L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J.B.L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L6-29, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE.----

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L6-29, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City .....State.....

"Yes, sir. I thought I wouldn't be, but I was. He hasn't even got a seat in his pants."

"But you went back."

"Yes, sir. I like him now. I like Mrs. McGuffy too and the rest of the kids. Doc"—he was perspiring again—"I told Red I'd call Patty off if he'd—help me. And first off he said I was too puny to be tough like he is, and then I told him I'd bring him pie and cake and whatever Sedalia'd give me, and he—said—he said he'd try me out!"

The doctor did not immediately answer. Jamie's thin eager face had unsettled his throat.

"Doc"—Jamie reddened—"I'd like to keep on goin' down to the barge, but I can't tell Aunt Jacqueline. She'd have a fit!"

"Well," John Bishop said slowly, "maybe, before I make up my mind, I better give this barge business a little thought."

Jamie looked intently at his keen dark eyes and found them matter-of-fact and friendly. "Someways, doc," he blurted, "you're an awful good guy."

"You're darn right I'm a good guy," John Bishop said heartily. "I may not have as much of a certain prehistoric appeal as your cousin Bob Winslow, but, doggone it, I agree with you. I am a good guy!"

At the door Jamie turned. He said in an odd voice, "You're like Sedalia and Bull and Miss Beasley and Mrs. McGuffy. Doc, Bull chases Miss Beasley's cat and barks at her parrot and hops up and down on her sofas. Can I close him in here so I can get away from him?"

The doctor assisted in dragging the collie over the threshold.

"I'm like a gaunt rattlebrained Negress," he reflected. "I'm like a militant old spinster. I'm like a roughneck collie and Mrs. McGuffy. Lord Almighty, no wonder I haven't any sex appeal!"

At two o'clock Jacqueline drove away in a car with Bob Winslow's sister, and the doctor with Bull at his heels crossed a broad lawn at the back of the house and stepped through a hedge of hemlocks. Ahead of him, at the foot of a cliff scarred with quarries, a woodland screened the road along the river. The doctor traveled the ledges, old quarry paths, and a cart road.

A discouraging area littered with sticks, scraps of iron, tin cans, and several goats led to the coal barge. Drying clothes flapped on a line on the forward deck of the barge and smoke billowed out of a rakish honeycomb structure in the center. Indoors something disciplinary had mobilized the McGuffys.

Bull shifted the mobilization. He chased a McGuffy goat. What the battle did to the barge was like hitting an anthill with a stick. Fifteen fruitful years of McGuffy rushed out and grabbed the goat, with Mrs. McGuffy in the thick of it roaring directions.

The doctor chased Bull and seized his collar. "I'm sorry," he said, wiping his face.

MRS. McGUFFY clapped him on the shoulder with an immense steamy hand.

"Lord love us," she bellowed, "the kids is used to it! It's Jamie's mutt, ain't it? The size of him runnin' around with his specks on and a mutt as big as a moose. Ain't you Dr. Bishop?"

The doctor said he was. "Does Red—do the children understand, Mrs. McGuffy, that Jamie isn't strong?"

"Yes, sir. Red lammed a kid for callin' him Specks."

"Darned if I know what to do about it," the doctor thought. "I'll wait a week and weigh him."

In the meantime he called up the police chief, who somewhat eased his mind about the McGuffys. He thought, hanging up, "I wonder what his father would do. Well, if it thickens up, I'll wire him."

It thickened up. It thickened up in such a singular way that Dr. Bishop accepted the full responsibility of Jamie's double life. A coat of tan with some scarlet in it was stealing over his patient's face.

"Doc," Jamie said one day, inspecting the scales, "am I gettin' fat?"

LEONA DALRYMPLE

won first prize of $10,000 in a novel competition in which another of her stories submitted anonymously was given second choice. Concentrates solely on short stories now. Makes her home in New York in the winter; summers in Connecticut.

"Keep your fingers crossed!" John Bishop said. "You're gaining. Does Mrs. McGuffy stuff you with food?"

"Yes, sir. They eat earlier'n we do. She's awful good-hearted."

"How do you account for the fact that you can eat down there and you can't eat here?"

"Mrs. McGuffy thinks it's the river winds and grabbin' the goats. Y' can't stop Bull from keeping after 'em."

John Bishop didn't believe it. It was something deeper than goats and a river. And the next day, when a crisis arose in the patient's secret life, he covered his tracks with decision.

It involved a truck Mrs. McGuffy's husband drove. It rolled up the Harell driveway while Jacqueline was at the Country Club playing golf with Mr. Winslow.

Dr. Bishop, when it arrived, was climbing out of his car. The driver, a blowzy giant in a jumper, promptly said he was Pop McGuffy, and shook with laughter as he lifted a tarpaulin in the rear of the truck.

Dr. Bishop beheld, rising, a homemade baseball cap with the words LEAPING LEOPARDS inked across the front, a pair of spectacles, and Jamie's face, pale with disgust.

"DOC," he exploded, "I didn't wanta come home like this, only Mrs. McGuffy made me. She's over there lickin' the tar outa the ball team."

"Were you playing baseball?" One of the doctor's eyes rapidly swiveled over the avenue in search of Bob Winslow's roadster.

Jamie said, "No, sir. Red don't think I play good enough yet. I—I lost my hat in the scuffle, and Mrs. McGuffy snatched Butch Hogan's cap right off his head and made me wear it."

Pop McGuffy solemnly placed an immense knotty hand at the side of his mouth and lowered an eyelid. "He was actin' as umpire," he said, exhibiting signs of strain, "and he made a wrong decision, and ma had to fish him outa the rumpus and turn him over to me to save his bacon. You know how kids are, doc. They'll forget all about it tomorrow. Anyhow, ma's down there with Red, cleanin' up the Leopards. Show him your badge, kid."

The badge was a large campaign button covered with paper on which Jamie himself had neatly written "Umpire." It said visibly under the paper: VOTE FOR FLANAGAN.

Jamie's bodyguard proved to be jovial, carefree, and talkative, and it took patience, tact, and eighteen minutes to get him out of the scenery.

In the course of the evening Dr. Bishop appeared again at the coal barge.

The disorderly kitchen, packed with McGuffys, betrayed an unexpected cleanliness.

"Mrs. McGuffy," John Bishop said, "what I want to know this time is how do you make my patient eat?"

"Eat?" Mrs. McGuffy said, staring. "Gosh, doc, with him it's an instinct!"

"There must be a trick to it somewhere," the young doctor insisted. "How do you wind him up?"

"I'm tellin' you, doc," Mrs. McGuffy said, pushing back her flaming hair, "the kid's a self-winder. All you do is load an extry plate to the gills, slap it down on the table, and yell at him, 'Hey, kid, here's your chow!' and he does the rest. And after he finishes, there he is at your elbow lookin' at you through his specks and twistin' the heart outa you. 'Mrs. McGuffy,' he keeps sayin', old as an owl and fulla manners, 'can't I do something now for you?' And five seconds after you tell him no, he's at it again, scrubbin' around like a lunatic and cleanin' up. I dunno's I ever seen sich a kid for scourin'. Pop swears he's wearin' the barge thin and if he don't let up it'll spring a leak."

"Where have we failed him?" the doctor thought impatiently. "What haven't we done?" . . .

Double lives are high explosives. The doctor's exploded with Jamie's in the middle of August. It exploded in the Harell garden near the hemlocks where Jacqueline was

cutting flowers. Her startled shriek filled John Bishop with ice and motion.

A great many McGuffys were in the garden. In the center of this laughing group stood Jamie, clad only in his underwear and a pair of big stuffed woolen mittens. Mrs. McGuffy stood near by holding the latest addition to the McGuffy clan.

"Dr. Bishop," Jacqueline said icily, "Mrs. McGuffy asked for you. She rushed the children up the cliff to get them out of a riot."

"And there's the divil that started it, doc!" Mrs. McGuffy panted. "What's-her-name—the kid's sister. Patty."

"Doc," Jamie said, "a jinx is after me. Patty horned in."

Patty tossed her head and giggled.

Mrs. McGuffy sniggered. "Doc, the kids was holdin' a prize fight in the lot back of the gas tanks, a stick at each corner and an old clothesline pulled around 'em, and Jamie was fightin' Butch Hogan. It woulda done your heart good to see him hoppin' round in the ring, spry as a bullfrog in his B. V. D.'s and them mittens of mine stuffed fulla rags! He socked that ornery Hogan kid one on the button that rocked the trees!"

Jacqueline shuddered.

"Hogan he went down," Mrs. McGuffy mused, "and the kids started countin'. Nobody knew that divil of a Patty was hidin' in the bushes close to the ring."

"Doc," Jamie said bitterly, "it was only the first round and the first sock, and Butch was lying there resting with his eyes closed, and when they counted eight he moved—and Patty reached through the bushes all of a sudden holdin' the toe of her pump and beaned him with the heel! Nobody saw anything, doc, but a hand and a shoe until we smoked her out. And Butch Hogan went for me about it, and the kids took sides and started fightin'."

"Patty," John Bishop said, "I'd like to spank you!"

Mrs. McGuffy sighed. "You know how it is, doc, on a hot day along the river. Folks is fretty. The kids git into a fight, the old folks chip in, and the cops blow the whistles. The Hogan kid's got a bump on his conk as big as a walnut!"

Jacqueline said in a frozen voice, "I heard the whistles."

"Thanks a lot, Mrs. McGuffy," Dr. Bishop said hastily. "I'll drive you home."

Mrs. McGuffy by nature was philosophical. "When you've had twelve kids," she remarked, "what's a cliff and some quarries?" She herded her family through the hemlocks.

"Go to your room, Jamie!" Jacqueline said. "You too, Patty." They silently vanished. "Dr. Bishop, I intend to put my foot down about these dreadful McGuffys."

"My foot is bigger," John Bishop said, "and I'm his doctor. I straightened his eyes. You can't stand by in a hospital and hear a big bluff voice like Jim Harell's reassuring a child, when you know his heart is weeping, without doing the best you can for him then and now. I'm going to have to ask you not to interfere."

"I INTEND," Jacqueline blazed, "to wire the facts to his father and have him confirm my authority."

"Personally," the doctor murmured, "I think I'll just wire him Jamie's weight."

He did. The opened answer Friday morning was under his office door, addressed to himself and Jacqueline:

BOTH OF US HOMESICK STOP SAILING HOME WEEK AHEAD OF SCHEDULE STOP LIKE TO SURPRISE KIDS DOCTOR BISHOP HAS FULL AUTHORITY JIM

"Well," John Bishop thought glumly, "that ought to fill the rest of my summer with specimen raspberries. She'll never forgive me."

On the day Dr. Harell and his wife reached home, Jacqueline hadn't spoken to him for the better part of a month.

He was noisy and big, Jamie's father; and John Bishop, one of the group in the living room which rocked with

Her Roommate Hinted...
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
HERE'S AN ARTICLE, PEG, THAT SAYS LOTS OF BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED BETWEEN THE TEETH!
... NOT HINTING ARE YOU?
NEXT DAY
SO MARION WAS RIGHT! BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?
WELL, TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES.
NOT LONG AFTER
ANOTHER DATE WITH PHIL, PEG? MY! MY!
YES, MARION— THANKS TO YOUR LITTLE HINT— AND COLGATE'S!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

BEWARE bad breath! But use the right method to avoid it. Most bad breath—like dingy teeth and much decay—comes from "half-way" cleaning of the teeth! From unremoved food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth and throughout the mouth.

Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth *thoroughly.* Its special penetrating foam works into every crevice. Thoroughly emulsifies and *washes away* all odor-breeding deposits between the teeth. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient brightens the teeth by gently and safely polishing enamel. Natural lustre is soon restored.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste. If not satisfied with results after using one tube, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid. Get a tube today!

PREFER POWDER?

Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.

his chief's arrival, realized for the first time that Dr. Harell's eyes were as blue as Jacqueline's, and his hair as healthy and black.

"Aunt Jacqueline doesn't know where Jamie is, papa," Patty chirped. "She never does."

Jacqueline flushed. In the hall under the stairway the telephone pealed. Sedalia answered it.

"Dr. Bishop," Sedalia shrieked, "it's some of dem McGuffy chillun all hollerin' at once on de chain-store telefoam. Jamie's bustin' around under a willow tree, fightin' Butch Hogan, an' they want yo' to come an' git him. Red ain't there an' Mis' McGuffy's afraid dat Hogan kid'll hurt him."

Two hatless doctors scrambled into a car.

On the river road, the unmistakable sound of Mrs. McGuffy cheering floated across a meadow. It was not possible to see the battle—it was hidden from view by a rooting ring of McGuffys—but Mrs. McGuffy spotted the car and ran to meet it.

"Doc," she roared, "I was a rotten guesser. Jamie's lickin' the tar outa him— For the love of Mike! Is that his father?" She was on the running board before the car stopped rolling. "Dr. Harell, I'd feel fierce about this if it wasn't an act of God. That Hogan kid is the sassiest whelp on the river. By the time he lives this down he'll have a beard and bunions!"

"Mom!" A flying McGuffy leaped into view. "Butch Hogan's blubberin'. His eye's bunged up and he says he's had enough."

"Keep out of it, doc," Mrs. McGuffy advised. "Wait for him here. If you bust in now like a coupla cops, you'll spoil his party. Lord love us, I locked the kid's mutt and his specks in the barge. That's Bull barkin'." She plodded off.

Under the willow, Jamie politely averted his eyes from his blubbering adversary. He was brushing his clothes.

"Hey, there, Tuffy Harell," Mrs. McGuffy bellowed, "your old man's sittin' over there in a car with a chest on him like an alderman." She plowed through her family and cracked him heartily on the shoulder.

"Pop?" Jamie whispered, his eyes circular. "Pop?" He darted away. McGuffys, racing, closed in behind him.

DR. BISHOP identified his brown face and flying legs in the lead, looked once at his chief's face and looked away. Dr. Harell's mouth was not quite steady, as if something had twitched at his heart. "Well, Jim"—Dr. Bishop was brusque—"there's your son."

"John," he said, clearing his throat, "how'd you get that meat on his bones?"

"McGuffy vitamins, Jim."

But Jamie had reached the car. "Pop," he said apologetically, "I had to lick him! He said I hid Patty in the bushes that day on purpose so she could bean him with her shoe."

Dr. Harell had no idea how Patty's shoe had gotten into it. His throat hurt and his eyes stung and, roaring, he opened the door of the car and reached for his son.

"Hold it!" Mrs. McGuffy shouted, galloping over the meadow with Bull at her heels. "I got old Tuffy's specks."

McGuffys, giggling, shoved Bull into the tonneau. In the front seat with his doctors, Jamie replaced his glasses.

"I expect when this gets out," he said almost smugly, "I'll be Tuffy Harell for the rest of my life. Pop, you said when you got back from Europe I could smash my specks. Remember?"

Dr. Harell had more than remembered. He had in his pocket a small brass hammer engraved with Jamie's name.

AT five o'clock, on the flagging back of the kitchen windows, Jamie took his spectacles off for the last time and smashed a lens.

"Gosh, mother," he grumbled, "whatcha cryin' about? Pop, you take a crack at 'em too!"

Dr. Harell, with eleven poignant years in his blood, savagely took a crack.

In the driveway Patty moved into view, curling a pink ecstatic tongue around a lollipop.

"Pat," Dr. Harell roared, "you turn that blasted thing in to your mother and get a rain check for it or I'll do you dirt! It'll spoil your dinner."

A small somber shadow clouded Jamie's face. Then Bull sniffed at the glass on the flagging and Jamie's face relaxed. "Pop," he said, "can I take Bull upstairs with me when I take my bath?"

In Jamie's bedroom after his bath a bedlam of barks broke out and the romping feet of a boy and a dog knocked over a chair and some fire irons. Flying flakes of plaster dropped on Dr. Harell's desk. He jerked open the door to the hall and yelled impatiently, "Jamie, what the devil are you doing with that mutt?"

Something crashed, but Jamie didn't answer and, startled, Dr. Harell leaped up the stairway, with Dr. Bishop behind him.

Jamie's doorway framed a broken bowl of flowers, a huddled boy on the floor sobbing uncontrollably with his head on his arms, and a stricken collie licking his tears.

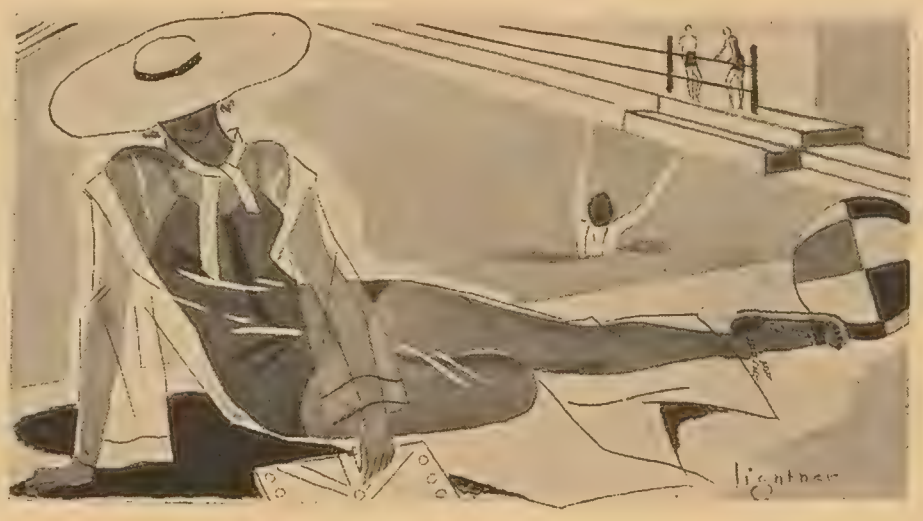
John Bishop growled at his chief in an undertone, "Don't go in, Jim. You'll pick him up in your arms and muff it!" He yelled at Jamie, "You big palooka! What's the idea, bawling around here like a dumbbell just because you feel swell?"

Jamie sat up, his wet face radiant. For the first and last time, John Bishop kicked his chief. That gentleman took the hint and descended the stairs in silence.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The Normandie has been termed the Lady of the Seas because of the thousand and one new gadgets she has installed to please women. In the glass dining room, for instance, the lighting may be so controlled as to flatter complexions at any hour of the day or night. Glass chairs insure that none of the evening frock's back allure will be lost when milady sits. The swimming pool saw the baptism of Heim's new transparent silk beach robes, which filter out sun rays that burn, while permitting those that tan to come through—and pleasant glimpses of the wearer to come out! The new silk-velvet bathing suits may encourage evening clothes of the same material—making it possible to take a dip or dine in one and the same costume.

DORAMILLER.



"John," he said in his office, "just what special kind of a lunatic are you, anyway?"

"Just a dumb one!" John Bishop grumbled. "Dumb like you. I thought when you yelled at him about the dog that I'd never heard you bawl him out in just that tone. It's the way you howl at Patty because you understand her, because she's like you, because she's healthy and normal and diabolic. It's what he wanted—less gentleness. And he thought he had to be tough to escape it."

"You could be right—"

"I know I'm right. The answer was there all the time in Miss Beasley, Sedalia, and Mrs. McGuffy. None of them gentle. All of 'em had drawbacks. One was black, one was old, and one was poor, and he didn't feel inferior. He was building himself a world in which he couldn't be hurt—"

He stared uneasily at a connecting door on the other side of the desk.

"Jim, is there a patient in there waiting for you?"

"It's probably Jacqueline. I meant to bawl her out—"

"I think," Dr. Bishop said hastily, "she's crying."

Dr. Harell followed him through the doorway.

Jacqueline, crumpled up in a chair, lifted wet black lashes and wiped her eyes.

"Jacqueline," Jamie's mother called from the hall, "Cousin Bob Winslow's here—"

"Tell him," Jacqueline said fiercely, "to go away. Tell him I—I never want to see him again. He said I was right!"

"Jim," Dr. Bishop said, "will you kindly get the hell out of here?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Dr. Harell grunted. He went out on the porch and talked to Mr. Winslow.

"Dr. Bishop," Jacqueline said, tears splashing over her cheeks, "I—I hate myself! I know now what Jamie meant when he told Sedalia you always treat him like a—regular guy. Jim's given him too much. He's bruised him with tenderness and protection."

MINUTES later when Jamie opened the door Jacqueline was in John Bishop's arms.

"I—I thought," Jamie stammered, an expression of bleak disgust contorting his face—"I s'posed pop was in here. Doc, I'm just goin' to walk up to the corner and back before dinner."

Jamie fled.

"Rank exhibitionism!" Dr. Bishop grumbled. "He hopes the whole block knows what happened to Butch Hogan and he wants the kids to see him."

They forgot Jamie again until his voice in the distance lifted in sudden fury.

"Patty," he yelled, "go home! Go home right away! Pop, make her come back. She's followin' me around just like she did Red McGuffy!"

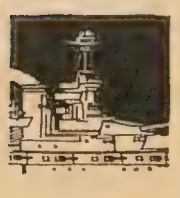
John Bishop grinned. "I thought Pat was cracking up about him," he said with satisfaction, "when she beaned Butch Hogan with her shoe."

The departing sounds of Mr. Winslow's motor drifted through the window.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Must all United States vessels be equipped with radio?

2—Which of these words is misspelled: permissible, recommend, weird, miscellaneous, antimacassar, unsanitary?

3—Which professional boxer married a New York society heiress: Jack Sharkey, James J. Corbett, Jack Dempsey, or Gene Tunney?

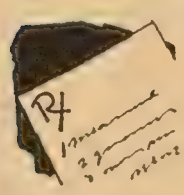
4—When was the Associated Press organized?

5—Who are referred to as the Forty Immortals: ancient gods, living men, or characters of fiction?

6—What European nation observes July 4 as a day of celebration?

7—Which three English words in common use, and all beginning and ending with the same letters, are pronounced exactly alike but have entirely different meanings?

8—When Rudyard Kipling wrote about "Our Lady of the Snows" did he refer to a person, a snow-covered mountain, or a country?



9—T. i. d.; p. c., when written on a doctor's prescription, means what?

10—Which of these words is misspelled: pseudonym, phthysis, psychoanalysis, psychology, psychrometer?

11—Which of these American actors was married seven times: John Barrymore, Nat Goodwin, or De Wolf Hopper?

12—When are documents or money said to be held in escrow?

13—How much does Congress allow the President of the United States for traveling expenses each year?

14—Is the Isle of Capri in the Far East, the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean, or is it an imaginary island?

15—Is John L. Lewis a well known author, a celebrated labor-union leader, or a great athlete?

16—Is a filly a female foal or colt, a piece of lean meat without bone, or a band worn around the hair?

17—The branch of dentistry dealing exclusively with the extraction of teeth is called what?

18—Is Winnie Mae the name of a famous race horse, actress, yacht, or airplane?

19—How many Indians are there in the United States?

20—Is a check dated on a Sunday good in law?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

Madame X investigates:

the truth about laxatives — as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"*EFFECTIVE*"..."*I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax.*" Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"*GENTLE*"..."*It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective.*" Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"*EASY TO TAKE*"..."*I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste.*" Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"*NON-HABIT-FORMING*"..."*I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit.*" Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Heart Trouble

They squared off, and then King struck out, and Tiny struck back. Tam was crying.

Oops! She's In Again . . . You Remember Dody Farnsworth. Here Is the Maddest and Merriest Yet of Her Enchanting Adventures

by PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT certainly is upsetting for a young girl to be plucked like a lily from her home fields and plunked down, practically without warning, into an entirely new pasture to graze—or wouldn't you say lilies grazed, and anyway, why quibble?

What I mean is that naturally when school let out this June, I expected to pop on back to the old Farnsworth homestead, which is situated on our own personal island off the village of Charity Cove in the state-o'-Maine. All of us Farnsworths—which is me, Dorothea F., better known as Dody, and my brothers Ted and Andy, not to mention our parents' youngest child, usually referred to as the Groundhog on account of him having cast his first shadow upon the world and my life fourteen Candlemas Days ago—have always popped back there the instant our teachers decided we knew enough to get through the summer.

It was Ted's getting married that changed everything. I mean if he and Ann hadn't bought this old house in Satuit and started fixing it over, mother would never have decided that we needed all this painting and carpentering at home. So Ann suggested that I visit her and Ted until our place was ready.

Now I'm crazy about Ann, and Ted is okay when he forgets to remember about being a Big Brother to Little Sister, and Satuit is really a smooth place; but there was a Reason why I hated to miss even a day at home after Princeton folded up for the summer.

And what a Reason! Merely to say that he's better than six feet tall, practically twenty-one years old, with arms, legs, shoulders, and face all where and how they should be, would give you no picture. Perhaps the best thumbnail description of Tiny (John, to you) Grant's perfection is the simple statement that I loved him hopelessly for fifteen years, and while the remaining year and a half haven't been a bit hopeless, I'm still true! I mean he really is The Top.

Well. Tiny came up from Princeton the week end before my school let out, and I waited until my charms sank in before I told him. (I'm doing my hair a new way that looks like I'd been out in a hurricane, and my spring suit is gray flannel with a jade blouse—I mean, figure that out for yourself, what with my red-gold locks, and I've gained five pounds in the best places and lost three inches around the middle!)

I was thinking about how Satuit really is a divine spot, and how if I could only put a spell on Tiny so that he'd sleep until I got back what a good time I could have, but he still looked too attractive for comfort.

"You're having a thought, Dody," he said. "You ought to be more careful about that. It shows, when you think."

I shook my head mournfully. "I'm thinking of you," I told him. "Poor Tiny! I don't know how to break the news."

"Eh?" he said suspiciously.

"Charity Cove won't seem like the same place without me, will it?" I asked softly, watching him like a hawk. And did my heart go pitter-patter at the posi-

ILLUSTRATION BY
GERALD LEAKE

tively stricken look that came over his face! "It'll all be there—the sea and the rocks and the pines," I went on pathetically. "The gulls will squawk and—gosh, I'd better stop before I break my own heart!"

"Listen, nitwit, what's it all about?" he demanded.

I told him, and if I didn't know so much about human nature I could have gone away happy and had a swell time. Then, all of a sudden, suspicion dawned in his soul and broke out all over his face like a rash.

"You don't seem exactly in tears," he said. "Satuit! Hmph!"

"A quaint little village, I am told," I murmured. "The fishermen collect Irish moss—to line their nests—and the countryside abounds in fascinating relics of the Pilgrims and early Indian wars."

"Yeah," said Tiny. "And if I'm not mistaken, it also abounds in the Satuit Yacht Club, the Satuit Country Club, Phil Ware's orchestra at the Hermitage in East Satuit, and such quaint historic characters as Bink Maddock and Pete Harlan. You're going to be awfully lonely there, Dody—don't forget to take plenty of knitting."

"Dar*ling!*" I cried, looking at him brightly. "Do I detect a note of sarcasm in your voice—or do I detect a note of sarcasm? Listen, foolish, it isn't my idea, going there! I'd much rather be at the Cove. But I can't do anything about it. Mother's scattering us about like seeds to the wind!"

Tiny nodded ominously. "I bet the little seed named Dody will find some one to cultivate it," he cracked sourly. "So you're going to Satuit! Hm-m!"

I wasn't sure whether I liked that hm-m or not. I decided to pull out a little pathos, and my lips quivered.

"Here I've been looking forward to going home all winter—you know there's no place like the Cove, Tiny—and all my f-friends I've known all my l-l-life—" I looked at him tragically, and such is my power over

myself that I could feel tears beginning behind my eyelids, and I blinked a couple of times to help them along.

"Dody!" He reached out and took my hand. "Look here, kid, it won't be so bad! After all, it's only for a month, you say."

I was trying to smile bravely. "You'll write to me?" I quavered. "Oh, gosh, Tiny—if you fall for some siren while I'm away—" Then I'd have the extreme pleasure of winning him back, I thought to myself, but just the same, I was a wee mite jittery. After all, four years' difference was simply worlds apart until only last summer when I got to be sixteen, and Tiny'll be out of college in another year, and besides twenty-one is rather a dangerous age for a man.

"Would you really care?" asked Tiny, and I nearly swooned.

I mean it simply isn't Tiny's line to ask questions like that, so instead of giving him Answer Number 3 or Response 21, I just met his eyes and nodded sort of breathlessly and—well, it was a Moment.

And later on when Tiny, vurra-vurra casual, said he guessed he'd better get me a sort of signal to remember him by, and he dragged me into a store and bought the most divine Indian bracelet—he wanted it to be Indian on account of it could be sprung on and then tightened and I couldn't take it off—well, I suppose one of these days a plain gold band may thrill me more, but that bracelet is all the emotion I can take right now.

When we finally parted, he practically felt that he had invented the whole idea of my going to Satuit.

"Don't let your love go wrong," said Tiny.

"Don't take any wooden sirens," I told him.

I'll draw an asbestos curtain over our farewell; I really was pretty sunk as I watched him go down the street.

Flash! A week later a young girl in a gray flannel suit and a violet blouse (I got lots of blouses) boarded a couple of trains. The second train had its lair in Boston's South Station, and as this exquisite and really rather snappy young creature approached it, she stumbled—sheer accident, too; honest!—and was seized and set upon her feet (gray suède pumps) by—what do you suppose? A tall, dark, handsome stranger!

"Pleasant trip?" he inquired politely.

I said "Erk!" or something; I mean, that's one of the cracks that there just isn't any answer. And that absolutely would have been that, if the train hadn't been a local and the other customers hadn't kept getting off until pretty soon there wasn't any one left in the car but me and this boy.

After a while he moved over to the seat across from mine and said, "Wouldn't it be a break for me if you were going to Satuit?", and what could I do but answer?

Well, his name was Avery King, only every one called him King, which he could take, and his people had a summer place in Satuit, and he knew Ted and Ann.

WHEN we got out at Satuit my mental card index had a brand-new page with quite a few entries. King, Avery. Age, nineteen. Amherst, '37. Hobbies: Boxing and—of all things!—Badminton. Habitat: Boston and parts south. Pet Aversions: Golf, Admiral Byrd, and French. Love-life: Unknown. Comments: A smooth voice, good teeth, and a cleft in his chin—an ornament which I happen to be able to take it or leave it alone.

Ann met me at the station—and she is a swell person. She didn't ask any of the usual questions, like how's your mother and are you glad school's over.

"Tiny bearing up?" she inquired. "I saw your old admirer, Eric Prentice, the other day—he's chewed off both apron strings and is going-west-young-man to Montana for the summer." Then she explained all about this girl, Lila Heath. People ganged up at her house; she was a lone child with rich and doting parents, and I was going there to dinner no later than this P. M.

Well, I looked over the house and unpacked my things in the darlingest little guest room—Ann has two, a he-guest room, all monk's cloth and autumn browns and reds and modernistic furniture, and a she-guest room, all frills and mirrors and quilted closets and bureau drawers, that would bring out the Garbo in an old maid horsewoman.

I hadn't even begun to think what I was going to wear for dinner, when one of those soft little voices with a hidden edge was calling from the porch, "Oh, Mrs. Farnsworth!"

"Hello, Lila, come on up!" said Ann, and I kicked open my new fitted bag and yanked my new beige lace negligee out of the suitcase and slung it across the bed and got Tiny's picture out and up on the bureau before she was halfway up the stairs.

Something told me that Lila Heath and I were going to have one of those friendships like they have in Kentucky, generation after generation, if we lived that long.

"I thought I'd come over and tell you what to wear tonight and—you know, give you an idea what to expect," she said, sitting down on my negligee. She had a cute smile, with very small white teeth—I hate small teeth—and she was just too innocent and helpful.

"I don't know how you do in—where is it, Maine?—but we don't get into formal evening clothes much except for club affairs," she rippled on. "The boys hate getting dressed up so—you know?" I mean, from that little rising inflection, you'd think she was telling me about an unknown species, elands or auks or antimacassars.

"I know," I murmured sympathetically. "Why, it's all we can do to get the boys at home to take off their waders in the evening—and they're *so* awkward to dance in!"

LILA blinked, and then went right on, rattling like a Model-T.

"You'll like the people here, I'm sure," she piped. "Bink Maddock—he's quarterback on the Yale team—you know?" She paused, and I nodded to show I'd heard about Yale. "You'll like him!" Her blonde head bobbed up and down. "For instance—he's crazy about tennis. You know? Do you ever do that? Sort of make mental notes about subjects for conversation—you know?"

"Sometimes," I said guardedly, wondering just what mental notes she was using in this conversation with me. (P. S. I found out!)

"And Pete Harlan—oh, he's an awf'ly sweet boy! Everybody likes Pete. He's nuts about cars—you know? He can tell any make by the sound of the engine and all like that. I told him he'd honestly rather talk about cars than about himself!"

"He ought to make a good automobile salesman," I said. "Do you have any girls down here?"

She let a little laughter tinkle musically. "Yes, indeedy! Becky Reardon's a swell kid—a swell kid—her brother's in M. I. T.—and then there's Tamsine Alden and—oh, but I must tell you about Avery King!"

"Who's she?" I asked.

"It's a he!" she laughed, and I laughed too, only silently. "Now take King—"—I looked sideways at Tiny's picture and reflected that I really shouldn't—"he's sort of different—you know? I mean he's quieter and more serious. He likes—well, the serious, domestic type of girl—studious, you might say."

I nodded wisely. "A bookworm?"

She brightened. "In a way. He—well, and he likes golf and—"

Light dawned, burst, and blinded me, and I no longer even heard what Lila was saying. So King liked golf, did he? And French, and Admiral Byrd. I could still hear his really divine voice—and the more I heard of Lila's dulcet tones, the diviner King's voice sounded in my memory—saying "Do you like that game?" as the train passed a golf links. I don't and said so, and he went on from there. It seems that Avery King does not like golf or the people who play it or the silly clothes they wear when they play it or the silly balls and sticks they play it with or any part or parcel of that old Scotch custom. I mean, it seems almost like a fixation or an inhibition or one of those. And little Lila was getting me all primed for a fall. *I just adore golf, Mr. King, don't you? Such a fascinating game!*

Having done her best to poison the spring, deah Lila departed, and Ann popped back, her dimples going on and off like an electric sign.

"I don't have to ask you how you liked Lila," she said.

"No, indeedy! This is going to be fun, Ann!"

"Finesse your jack of diamonds," my sister-in-law advised, "and hold on to the high clubs."

"Uh-huh," I murmured and began thinking about clothes.

Nobody could penalize me for the dress I finally decided to wear. It's one of those all-things-to-all-people garments. I mean the pattern looks like gingham, a smooth plaid of green and black and white, only it fools you by turning out to be chiffon, and from the south it has a high neckline and a tucked front like a man's dress shirt, while from the north there's a wisp of collar and then no back to the waist except the one I grew up with.

The Heath house and the Heath parents were a lot nicer than the Heath heiress, and I was chatting merrily about neither tennis nor motorcars with Bink Maddock and Pete Harlan, when this girl came over and said, "You're Dody Farnsworth, aren't you?"

I'd have known with my eyes closed and no boys in the room that she was okay and a bit more. She was quite little and slender, with a pale oval face and longish dark hair cut in bangs and brushed back behind cute ears, and a really adorable dress of black and white striped taffeta and red kid slippers. I mean, all liking aside, did we make a picture together!

"I'm Tamsine Alden—I was Polly Grant's roommate at Robin Hill," she said.

"I knew I'd heard your name when Lila mentioned you this afternoon," I said, smiling at her. Polly Grant is Tiny's sister and my very best friend, and any friend of hers . . .

Tam Alden put her hand up to her cheek. "Lila mentioned me!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Gosh, that's swell! You don't know how that sets me up!"

"I can imagine," I murmured. "She came over to tell me about everything—you know?"

TAM gurgled, and then took my arm and said, "Run away, little boys—I must have speech with Dody," and we wandered out onto this really superb screened porch, and sat down together in the hammock.

In ten full minutes I Knew All. That Bink Maddock was indeed crazy about tennis—only he'd just lost the indoor tennis championship at college and was as touchy as a crooner with a head cold about even the mention of the game. That Pete Harlan's pash for cars was all Lila had claimed—except that he wrecked his father's sedan last week and was threatened with a pedestrian's life for the rest of the summer, so even the sight of a scooter made him wince. And that Tam, who will be sixteen in August and looks even younger, has been That Way about Avery King all her life, just like me and Tiny were last summer, and that every time King looks in her direction Lila is right there blocking the view.

Well, I came clean about meeting King on the train—I mean, I'd already told her how it was with Tiny and me—and her brown eyes got kind of wistful and she said, "Follow it up, will you, Dody? Honest, if you could get him away from Lila, I wouldn't care if he still couldn't see me with field glasses. That female gripes me! We usually go to the yacht club to swim in the morning. What if I call by for you around ten?"

"That would be smooth," I answered, looking up in girlish surprise as our hostess stopped before us.

"Hi, pint-size!" Avery King addressed Tam, and then he looked down at me glintingly, and I saw that we shared a Secret.

LILA introduced us and King shook hands gravely.

"We're all here now, I guess," Lila said kind of briskly. "What about some food?" She led the way to the dining room and sat herself at the head of the table. She had on a really lovely dress of sky-blue heavy crêpe, but I always think a girl shouldn't wear clothes too tight-fitting unless she has a marvelous figure. I mean Lila's figure is all right, in fact quite good, except that her legs are a few inches too short and she's just a touch wide across the withers.

So we ate, and then we played some games, and then we scattered about—some people dancing to the radio in the living room, and some playing ping-pong on the side porch, and others, notably me and Avery King, talking quietly in corners.

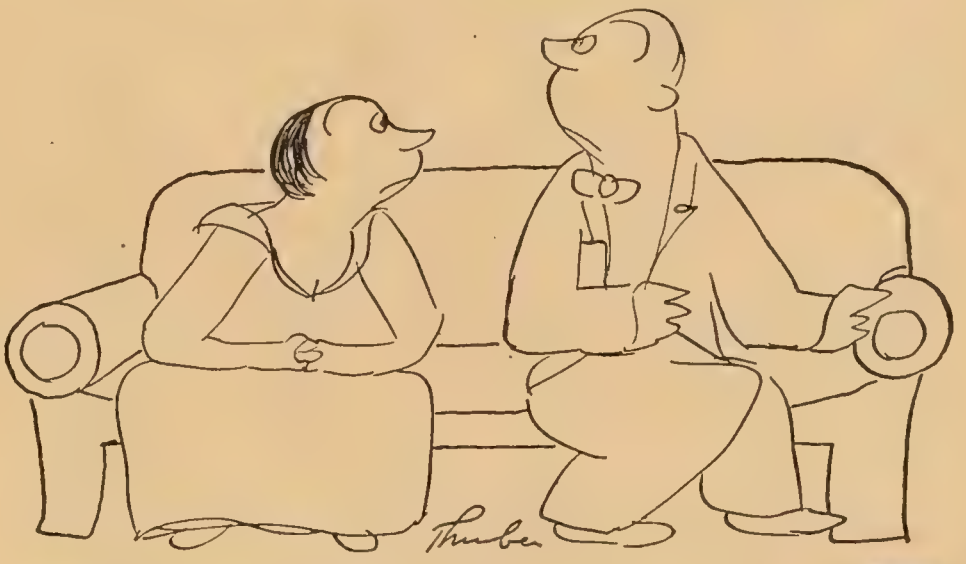
I may be vain—I mean, there's no point in pretending that a lot of people don't think I'm really quite pretty—but I'm not conceited. And one thing I will say, I'm not dumb about boys. This act that Avery King was putting on—looking deep into my eyes and being just so, so interested in me—was a good ninety per cent for Lila's benefit, as I could tell from the way he looked up occasionally to see was she noticing it. The woman fascinated him and that was that, except that many a fortune has begun with only a ten per cent interest in the business.

I made what doctors call an exploratory examination of the way things were. I mean I said, "I like Satuit—you know?" and King's eyes flickered, and he wasn't sure if I was kidding Lila or not, but he wouldn't like it if I was. Not yet. I also discovered and filed for future reference that Lila isn't so good at badminton, that King's favorite food is lobster.

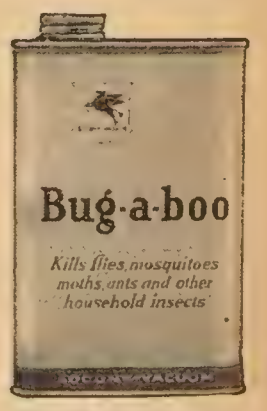
By the end of the evening—modestly and without comment, I will say merely that King ran me home in his car, with Lila looking like she'd swallowed seven or nine burrs—my stock had gone up to approximately twenty-five per cent. My Indian bracelet clanked on the edge of the car as King unsuccessfully tried to kiss me good night, and I said, "End of round one!"—remembering how he was a boxing enthusiast—"Back to your corner, palooka!" and ran into the house.

It had never even occurred to me that Ted Farnsworth *had* a lap, until

Judging by the boy friend's glances,
Mosquitoes are spoiling Mary's chances.
If she's smart, the thing to do
Is run and get the Bug-a-Boo.



HERE'S THE SECRET of Bug-a-boo's great popularity. It has a remarkably high killing power that makes any bug turn up its toes . . . YET . . . there's no "fumigated" after-odor to annoy even a sensitive suitor. You'll also be glad to know it won't stain wallpaper, clothing, draperies, etc. And you'll like its faint aroma suggesting the pine forest.



BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL OUTLETS AND LEADING DEALERS

I burst in and discovered Ann sitting on it. "Excuse me!" I said, but neither of them looked a bit fussed; in fact, Ted actually looked pleased.

"Have a good time, Dody?" he asked cheerfully.

I staggered. "Marriage certainly is wonderful!" I said, which for some reason reminded me I'd better write Tiny before I went to bed, so I kissed them both. By the time I'd hung up my dress and creamed my face, I missed Tiny so much that I completely forgot I'd had a pretty good time, and I guess it was a rather homesick, pitiful letter that I wrote. I honestly didn't mean to deceive him, but it's a fact that the party had just faded out of my mind.

The morning, naturally, was another day, and there was the town of Satuit spread out in the June sunshine looking quite attractive, and Tam was coming for me at ten, and I'd told Bink Maddock I'd go for a drive with him after lunch, and Pete Harlan was taking me to the movies that evening.

Well, Tam went on from where we'd left off the night before, until honestly I began to feel it was my Duty to Society to take King away from Lila Heath. So when King showed up and said what about his running me around after lunch, which they serve buffet in the clubhouse, and showing me the town, I said I was sorry but I'd promised Bink, and he said, "Oh." At lunch, he said what was I doing this evening, and I asked him did he take such an interest in every one's personal life or was it just my dates he was curious about, and he said "Oh" again, and Tam clapped her hands very softly behind his back.

The next morning, right after breakfast, there was King, saying didn't I think getting warmed up with a bit of badminton was a good idea. I nearly dislocated my shoulder, but I gave Mr. Avery King quite a game, which was as it should be, and admiration glowed in his eyes, which was ditto.

By June 15, I rated a fifty per cent interest from the King even when Lila was in the room. Neck and neck we ran, Heath and Farnsworth, for about two weeks, and then I got King over to the little house for dinner, gorged him to the eyebrows on Ann's lobster, and sat back and tended to my knitting while Ted talked about Prize Fights I Have Seen.

And did it work! King really thought it must be love, later on when we drove down to the center of town for a couple of sodas—and when it came to driving home again, he thought it was even worse than love. I mean he even panted a bit, and when a boy begins to pant, he's practically thrown. I held him off with practiced technique, but I could see that the day of reckoning was closing in on me. I hadn't even kissed him, and with a tall dark handsome Amherst man, that is technique, I'm telling you!

When he drove straight past our house in spite of my claiming that I needed my beauty-sleep, I twiddled my bracelet some, until he bit and asked what was that handcuff I always wore.

"It's an Indian sign," I murmured. "Oh, yeah?" he came back. "And who's got the Indian sign on you, may I ask?"

I murmured that it *could* be taken off, and he started to grab for it, and I said no, and what about taking me home now.

So then he got quite serious and sat in his own corner and said all those things about how he hoped I didn't think he was the kind of boy who tries to make every girl and how this was really different, and I said, "What about Lila?" and he said, "Damn Lila!", thus expressing my very sentiments in exactly two words.

"And what about Tiny?" I asked very softly.

"Who's Tiny? And what about him? I presume it's a him!"

"That's been my presumption for some time too," I said demurely, and let him have it between the eyes.

"And all this mountain of virile charm and strength is just for you?" he inquired coldly when I had finished.

"Unless I find something I like better," I said sweetly though falsely, and that seemed a good note to end the evening on.

Flash . . . flash . . . flash . . . Satuit, Mass.: Operative Fifteen, Tamsine Alden, reports detailed inquiries from one Avery King concerning one Tiny Grant . . . Answers all in the affirmative. *Flash . . .* Charity Cove, Maine: Operative Nine, Polly Grant, reports that letter from one T. Alden enclosed group photograph taken at Satuit pool and that one Tiny Grant, on viewing same, sniffed and said, "Who's the imitation movie hero yearning at Dody?" and then fell ominously silent. *Flash . . .* Society News: The Fourth of July dance at the Satuit Yacht Club is the high spot of the early summer season.

Telegrams.

From Mrs. Andrew Farnsworth, Sr., Farnsworth Island, Maine, June 30, to Miss Dorothea Farnsworth, Satuit, Mass.:

CARPENTERS LEAVING JULY SECOND HOW WE WILL MISS THEM ANDY ARRIVES BOSTON TUESDAY MORNING WHY NOT MEET HIM THERE AND COME HOME TOGETHER LOVE TO ANN TED YOURSELF FROM GROUNDHOG AND MOTHER.

From Mr. John Grant, Charity Cove, Maine, July 1, to Miss Dody Farnsworth, Yacht Club Pool, Satuit, Mass.:

WIRE WHEN YOU ARE ARRIVING AND I WILL MEET TRAIN SOMEWHERE EN ROUTE WILL BE WEARING WHITE LILY AND AMERICAN FLAG HOW IS THAT OLD BRACELET STANDING UP LOVE AND KISSES TO THE PILGRIMS AND INDIANS EVER TINY.

From Mrs. Theodore Farnsworth, Satuit, Mass., July 1, to Mrs. Andrew Farnsworth, Sr., Farnsworth Island, Maine:

UTTERLY IMPORTANT THAT DODY REMAIN HERE OVER FOURTH WE WILL DRIVE HER HOME FRIDAY AND SPEND WEEKEND WITH YOU LOVE FROM ALL ANN.

From Miss Polly Grant, Charity Cove, Maine, July 2, to Miss Dody Farnsworth, Satuit, Mass.:

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE DOING RIGHT POLL.

From Miss Dody Farnsworth, Satuit, Mass., July 2, to Mr. Tiny Grant, Charity Cove, Maine:

COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE INDIANS WILL TRY TO SHOOT MY WAY THROUGH BY FRIDAY AT LATEST WOULD BE SUICIDAL TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE BEFORE WILL EXPLAIN ALL

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. DOAN

"FIRE WALKING," as practiced by many native tribes, is not especially dangerous. While in Tahiti, Mr. S. P. Langley, a member of the Smithsonian Institution, investigated native "fire walking." He found that the stones used to walk upon during the ceremony were of vesicular basalt. The most distinctive feature of this stone is its non-conductivity and its porosity. It can be heated red-hot at one end and the other end will remain comparatively cool. Thus, although a fire was burning underneath, the upper layer of stones remained cool enough to walk upon.

A HIGH FOREHEAD does not denote intelligence. The intelligence of a person and the height of his forehead have no connection. For example, the Alaskan Eskimo—not especially remarkable for intelligence—has a forehead 9 per cent higher than the average American's.

GALILEO did not invent the telescope. Hans Lippershey, a spectacle maker, made a telescope in 1608. Galileo made his first one in 1609. There is also evidence to indicate that Roger Bacon constructed one nearly 400 years before this.

IT IS NEVER TOO COLD to snow. Our lowest temperatures generally come with clear weather—hence the belief that it can get too cold to snow. However, snow can occur at any temperature.

WHEN I SEE YOU EXPECT CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR RESCUE WORK HOLD EVERYTHING AND RESERVE JUDGMENT PLEASE BRACELET UNTARNISHED ALWAYS DODY.

From Mr. Tiny Grant to Miss Dody Farnsworth—complete silence. From Mr. Avery King to Same—a verbal invitation to the Fourth of July dance at the Satuit Yacht Club.

It was practically my duty, now that I'd set my hand to the plow, not to turn back—but would Tiny see it that way?

King was underfoot all the time. The day before the holiday, he flicked my bracelet with his thumbnail and said, "You won't be wearing that old thing tomorrow, will you, Dody? I've never gone for Indian art." Cold shivers traversed my spine.

Well. Ann was giving a sort of farewell dinner the night of the dance, and I was in my room adding the finishing touches—suspecting that most girls would go a bit red-white-and-blue on this occasion, I'd decided on a lettuce green organdy—and I was twisting a green chiffon handkerchief around my bracelet which naturally I had no intention of taking off, when I heard a car honking in the drive and I looked out the window and there was Tiny!

His silence, the probability that he was furious with me, everything went out of my head, and I tore down the stairs and threw myself at him. And did our hero clasp me in his arms and kiss me yearningly? He did not. He gave me a little shove, and held me off, and laughed at me!

"Well, well, what an impetuous little thing it is!" he said. "Or did you think I was some one else?"

I could have died right then and there.

He looked me up and down with this cold detachment, and then said, "Going some place?"

"Oh, Tiny!" I said. "Don't be like that!" And I do think I got the handkerchief off the bracelet to dab at my eyes before he saw how well covered it was.

Ann, the angel, came out and took matters in hand. She was so glad Tiny'd showed up; her one break was the assurance that we needed an extra man, and Tiny smiled cynically and said, "Extra man, hey? I'm demoted."

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" I was murmuring inanely, and Tiny just looked at me with the strangest look, and Ted said how about a drink, and Tiny said how about it, and they went into the kitchen together.

Ann looked sort of queer, kind of grown-up and amused. "Don't let it throw you, Dody," she said. "You look good enough to eat, and I'm betting on you!"

THERE were eleven of us at dinner, counting Tiny. Lila and Becky, even as I'd expected, had gone patriotic; and Tam was perfectly adorable in pale pink organdy. Tiny seemed years older and more sophisticated than any one, except when he looked at King—and the looks those two exchanged took away any appetite I might have had left!

I was so worried about Tiny and King that I didn't notice about Tam until the dance was half over. Naturally I'd observed that Tiny made no outcry when King grabbed my arm and steered me into his car on the way to the yacht club, and I was vaguely aware that Tam was in Tiny's car, but it was only after I'd been dancing a while and gotten calm enough to look the party over and see if any one was getting cut in on more than I was, that I caught on.

Tamsine Alden was just walking away with the whole show!

It seems Tiny had started to rush her, back at Ann's, and the way it is when an out-of-town boy, especially an older good-looking one like Tiny, goes for a girl, all the home boys begin pricking up their ears. Why, by eleven o'clock even King was cutting in a couple of times on each dance.

Was I taken down! I really like Tam, but there she was, looking utterly devastating the way a girl gets when she realizes she's just the Big News of the evening. A funny thing, in one of the intermissions I was looking at Tam, just *hemmed in* by boys, and I met Lila's eyes, and I burst out laughing. I can see a joke even when it's on me, and was Lila frantic!

Tiny cut in on me, still smiling that ominous smile, and said, "I'll be taking you home, Dody, of course," and I murmured, "Of course," just as King, with a low growl, cut back.

"I'm taking you home, you know," he told me masterfully.

"Listen, King," I began gently, and he just stopped stock-still in the middle of the floor like a mule.

Bink Maddock, and some day I'll reward him somehow, cut in and saved me, and King stood there glowering, and then caught sight of Tam dancing with Tiny and literally tore her away.

"Fireworks!" murmured Bink. He looked at Tiny, who was leaning against the wall, still smiling. "If you don't let me know when the fighting starts, I'll never forgive you! Grant's a lot heavier, but King rather fancies himself as a slugger, you know."

My heart went right down into my silver slippers and started oozing out on the waxed floor. The orchestra stopped to rest, and Tam shook off the wolf pack and grabbed me and dragged me off to the little-girls' room.

"Dody, you've got to do something! King is just raging, and I'm scared Tiny'll hurt him!" Her eyes were enormous. "He's so much bigger, and King just hasn't got good sense. He thinks he's Max Baer—and he isn't!"

"Gosh, what can I do?" I asked, but even as I wondered I had an inspiration.

The next dance I had with Tiny was sitting out in his car, Tiny just smiling aloofly, with a sort of "Prattle on, little one" attitude. I began by trying reason. What difference did it make if I went home with King, this once?

"Listen, woman, either you're my girl or you're not my girl, and it happens to be an old family custom that we Grants take our girls home. Suppose you just leave it all to me? Unless you prefer King's company—in which case—"

"Okay," I chirped, "only I do think you ought to know, Tiny, that King has a terribly weak heart. He's awf'ly sensitive about it, but you mustn't get rough with him or you might—honest!—kill him."

Tiny looked me in the eyes. "Is that straight, Dody?"

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STRAIGHT WHISKEY

See advertisement . . . Page 25

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ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL
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for your protection
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he asked, and I looked back unflinchingly and said, "Straight!"

So then we went back, and King swaggered up, looking simply furious, and said, "Listen, Grant, I believe you're horning in on this evening. Dody is my guest at this club!"

Tam rushed up with the shock troops, and I got King away.

"Look here, King," I told him intensely, "I didn't want to tell you this on account of Tiny'd slay me for it—he's horribly sensitive because he looks so healthy and all—but the truth is—his heart—"

Well, King quieted down, and I began to think I could enjoy myself and maybe even restore a little shattered self-esteem by giving Tam a run for her money. Not so; it was too late and I'd lost control—we and Lila were both out of the picture.

So pretty soon the orchestra began putting their toys away, and the chaperones began looking like their eyes were tired, and the party was over. Lila had given up and gone home where she belonged, and King hadn't even missed her. Tiny and King and Tam and I drifted out to the parking space and stood looking at the moon. I mean Tam and I looked at the moon, but King and Tiny looked at each other exactly like a couple of Airedales.

Tiny led with his left. "Well, come on, Dody!" he said.

"*I'm* taking Dody," said King, sticking his jaw out.

"I don't believe you understand," Tiny said suavely, and he seemed a hundred years older than King, who was looking more like Junior refusing to eat his spinach every minute. "I *always* take Dody home. It's a rule." And he smiled, oh so sweetly.

KING'S fists were clenching and unclenching. "If it weren't for your heart, Grant—" he began between his teeth, and Tiny's smile disappeared as he gave me one Look.

"You—little—liar!" he said, with a long pause between the words. "I'll attend to *you* later!" Tam clutched my hand. "There seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding," Tiny told King. "I was led to believe that *your* heart—"

Looks were what I was getting a lot of, because King turned a face of outraged fury full on me.

"Why, you two-timing woman!" he roared. "You—" And he began taking off his coat!

"I don't know why I bother," Tiny said, taking off *his* coat, "but just as a matter of principle I think I'd better lick you, King." He withered me with another glance; I mean, you could see that neither of them liked me or any part of me, but they liked each other less.

"Oh, King!" Tam cried, and hung on his arm, her face very white in the moonlight and big tears quivering on her lashes.

King looked at her very tenderly, and very gently he removed her fingers. "You wait in my car, Tam," he said, and smacked me full in the face with another foul glance.

Well, they sort of squared off, and then King struck out, and Tiny struck back, and Tam was crying, and I wasn't afraid they'd really hurt each other so much, but what I was afraid of was what would happen to me afterward. Tiny didn't look like he'd ever want anything to do with me again, and rack my brain though I did, I couldn't see any way of getting around the fact that I'd told an awful lie and gotten stuck with it.

THEY were scuffling and making a lot of passes at each other in the moonlight, when all of a sudden Tiny began to laugh. He laughed and he laughed until he got laughing so hard that I thought he'd gone crazy, and King dropped both hands and stared at him like he thought so, too.

"You can box, fella," Tiny said—and honestly, you should have seen Avery King's expression! He was mad and he was surprised, and then all at once he looked kind of pleased. I mean, Tiny was older and bigger and all and—well, as I said before, when Tiny gives you a compliment, it means something. Tiny dropped his arm down on King's shoulder. "I'd like to take you on for a few rounds," he said. "How about tomorrow morning?" And King blinked, and said, "That'd be swell, Grant. I boxed a lot at college this year." I mean, really, can you bear it?

Tam let out a long breath, and without a glance at me King shook Tiny's hand and then walked over and got into the car with her. I just stood there and Tiny stood and looked at me.

"I have half a mind to let you walk home, Miss Dody Farnsworth," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Hm-m," said Tiny. "Look at me—if you can meet an honest man's eye!" It wasn't easy, at that, but I looked at him. "I don't know about you," he said. "I just don't know—"

"I'm sorry," I said very meekly. "Honestly, Tiny, I am. But—"

"Think fast!" he told me.

"I won't do it again," I said.

"You're darn right you won't," said Tiny. "Not to me, anyway." He looked at me a little longer. "Well, get in the car, you no-account female!" I got in, and he put on his coat and got in, too, and we drove about a mile without speaking.

"We'll go back to Charity Cove tomorrow morning," I said at last.

"We'll go back when I'm good and ready!" said Tiny.

"Yes, Tiny," I said.

He snorted. "I don't know why, but I'm sort of fond of you, at that."

"I'm glad," I murmured, moving a little closer.

"You'd better be," he said, putting his arm around me. "Grateful, too."

"Yes, Tiny," I sighed, and rested my head on his shoulder.

He snorted again. "Heart trouble!" he said.

"Yes, Tiny," I agreed. "I mean, that's one way of putting it."

THE END

Shades of Night

A Short Short Story

by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

"HOLD that pose, please!" Emil almost said from long habit as he made the exposure.

The new sensitive film, more sensitive than Emil's eye, caught the man and woman in their passionate embrace.

Twelve hours later Emil entered the outer office of Carsville's young mayor with a confidence strikingly at variance with his meek appearance. Some of the cringing please-at-all-cost manner of his years in his photographic studio still bent his shoulders slightly. Thinning hair and retiring chin would not have impressed a newsboy. But for a year Emil had done no perspiring around the collar before an interview. It was his clients who perspired now. They fell over themselves to buy his wares. Emil smiled at the memory of his first timidity. He had been glad to take a hundred dollars. Today his price would be a cool two thousand, his record. But this was a very special occasion.

"His Honor will see you in a few minutes," the secretary said.

Emil leaned back in the luxurious red leather very contentedly. When he left for his homeland this was the sort of room he must have. It would be soon now. Seven bank accounts promised that.

Carsville had been his best stop yet. Nowhere else had he found a hunting ground so easy to operate as the Country Club lane. Nowhere else had he found the rich men so young and so easily tempted to wayside efforts.

Again Emil smiled. He was remembering the blank look on Austel Graham's face when he first saw the photograph. "Where in hell did you get that?" he had asked, flushing angrily.

Emil gave the time and place, and added, "I think the features are very clear, don't you?"

"I think it's a dirty dastardly fake," the young banker had retorted. "How can you take a picture in the dark of night?"

They all began that way, as if it were a joke. They all listened to Emil's explanation of the new film. He knew just when their expressions would change from incredulity to angry conviction. Thereupon they all cried blackmail and hit the roof. But not too loudly. Stenographers have ears.

There followed, of course, the usual bargaining, the sending out of the messenger boy for new bills—checks were out of the question—the strained period of waiting, the departure after the usual assurances. Austel Graham had been even quieter than any. He had just been promoted to the vice-presidency of the bank, and naturally did not want a fuss. Emil was thankful for that, since Graham looked highly athletic. Emil had to be ready for physical resentment. But if it did not come in the first minute, he considered himself safe.

And so, contrary to his rule, Emil remained in Carsville. One operation to a town had been his working method. Then even coincidence was baffled. But Carsville was too good to leave, and Emil knew that Carsville was going to be especially generous to him when he heard of Mayor Adday's affair. Adday, like Graham, was comparatively young, wealthy, and full of romance. According to gossipy Mrs. Maloney, at whose place Emil had an apartment, Adday loved another better than his wife. There were other details, in strictest confidence of course.

Emil looked in at the Country Club dance. He overheard a word that enabled him to know that Mr. Adday was taking his inamorata out a certain door. And now he had a print of that enthusiastic kiss in his pocket.

"His Honor will see you now," the secretary announced.

"Good morning, Your Honor," Emil said with professional unction. "I have a matter of the utmost interest for you. Kindly glance at that photograph and tell me if you recognize the faces."

The mayor took a look and then his interest wakened. "Well, I'll be damned! Where did you find that?"

"I took it," Emil said crisply. "Last night, at 11.52. You were parked with Miss Dorsay for twenty-eight minutes in the Country Club lane. I think the features are very clear, don't you?"

The mayor's hand trembled, Emil noticed, and was relieved. The critical first minute was over. "That's a knockout! But I don't see how you got it in the dark."

Emil explained, and then ran into his sales talk. "The film is yours, Your Honor, for a comparatively small sum. I felt duty-bound to show it to you first. A couple of thousand dollars will conclude the matter forever and protect the good name of the young lady. I play fair with my clients."

The mayor's hand shook more. "In other words, you are blackmailing me for two thousand dollars in the most dastardly manner ever conceived by a filthy mind!"

"I'm giving you a lesson in morality, Your Honor," Emil said.

"Morality! Morality! You come here talking morality!" Mayor Adday shouted.

"I would not speak so loud, Your Honor," Emil cautioned. "You are paying for a confidence. I will gladly wait while you send out for the money. It must be in new bills, of course."

"Yes, of course!" The mayor was very angry. He pressed a buzzer. A man appeared. "Stand there, Gates," the mayor said, and then called, "You can come out now."

To Emil's alarmed amazement, a policeman stepped from behind a cabinet, followed by Austel Graham and the gossipy Mrs. Maloney. "Parker," said the mayor, "you've heard this dirty dog. Arrest him."

This moment was the bad dream that had haunted Emil's career, and he had prepared for it. "It's not so easy, Your Honor," and he leered professionally. "I have a duplicate of that film and it has news value. You won't want it to be in every tabloid tomorrow evening, will you?"

"I don't care what it's in, so long as you're in jail," the mayor said.

"But think!" screamed Emil, as the policeman took hold of him. "Consider the consequences of dragging the fair name of that charming girl into the limelight."

"The charming girl has consented. She happens to be my wife."

THE END

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

is a Philadelphian by birth but makes his home in Canada. He is the author of numerous travel volumes and books on the Mounted Police. His one ambition is to be rich enough to do what he is doing—but more thoroughly.

4 stars — Extraordinary 3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good 1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

MANHU
MELODY,

A Fast-Moving Melodrama Brings You the G-Man
an Ingratiating Surprise, and Mr. Hammett, o

Three of the principals in The Public Hero—

★ ★ ★ THE PUBLIC HERO

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Jean Arthur, Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia, Paul Kelly, Lewis Stone, Paul Hurst, George E. Stone. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Story by J. W. Ruben and Wells Root.

THAT G-Man's here again. This time it is Chester Morris who in M-G-M's bellicose production, The Public Hero, portrays one of Melvin Purvis's manhunting henchmen. And, as in G-Men, the bullet-strewn career of John Dillinger provides the background for the story.

The Public Hero is a swiftly paced, competently enacted melodrama, humorous and brutal by turns. When Sonny, as the famous outlaw is called in the picture, is sent to the penitentiary, Morris, pretending to be a convict also, follows him and contrives to be quartered in the same cell. There, after winning his confidence, Morris arranges for both of them to escape so that eventually the whole gang may be located.

After the break, Morris continues to shadow Sonny, and is just about to be taken into the gang when the scheme is blasted by Sonny's sister, Jean Arthur, whose quarrel with her savage brother makes the federal agent forget his mission and punch the killer whose confidence he had been trying to gain.

Fired from his job for this lapse of control, the pugnacious Mr. Morris begins a one-man hunt for the gang hide-out. Working on Lionel Barrymore, the gang's besotted doctor, the ex-G-Man discovers the country home of the killers and, in scenes taken right out of the newspapers, the picture mounts to a furious climax—which comes when Public Enemy No. 1, disguised by plastic surgery, makes his last fateful visit to a Chicago theater.

Joseph Calleia, newly recruited from the stage, plays Dillinger in a restrained individual style that marks this actor as the most interesting of the screen's neophytes.

The Public Hero is a well fashioned thriller of the new gangster vogue, with Paul Kelly, Jean Arthur, and Lewis Stone uniting in the supporting roles to convince moviegoers that the government's gunmen are braver than the racketeers.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joseph Calleia was born Joseph Alexander Caesar Hershall Vincent Spurin-Calleia of Italian-Spanish-German-English blood. He exed out the Spurin when he crashed Hollywood the other day, and the rest of the cognomens just have withered from his handle through general disuse and neglect. He started as a harmonica player on the London stage and later did comedy of the Harry Lauder type in comic opera. That is, he did not imitate Lauder, as Lauder has copyrighted his peculiar style and can injunct you right in the middle of mimicking his br-r-r-r. Calleia was born on the island of Malta and attended Catholic College there. His American fortunes started with his playing the scroungy realistic nonphilosophic waiter in the original cast of Broadway. Then he went in The Last Mile; then the chauffeur in Grand Hotel; until he became the big miracle in the Small Miracle. . . . Lionel Barrymore took a quick course in surgery to play the doctor in this one. A quick course (as opposed to the eight-year course) enables you to remove legs with penknives and eyes with thumbs. He makes his debut as a singer and does much better than Johnny, his w. k. bro., did warbling a madrigal in The Jest some years back. . . . Jean Arthur features the Midnight Sandwich for just before beddie-by: Toast two thick slices of bread on one side. On untoasted side put butter, ketchup, onion, tomato, cheese, bacon, and a slice of bullnose pepper. Replace in oven until cheese melts. Insert toothpick and eat. Pleasant dreyums! . . . Chester Morris has a workshop at home and is showing Bob Montgomery, his best friend, a thing or two about woodworking. . . . Douglas Shearer was the recording engineer on this one, which is just a way of getting in the fact that his sister Norma Shearer Thalberg is about to become a producer—for the second time, she and Irving having one little darling, as 'tis. . . . Car chase in picture was at 75 m. p. h., the camera car keeping perfect pace and a cable stretched between cars making for perfect recording. That takes driving!

★ ★ ★ HOORAY FOR LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sothern, Gene Raymond, Bill Robinson, Maria Gambarelli, Thurston Hall, Pert Kelton, Georgia Caine, Lionel Stander, Etienne Giradot, Fats Waller, Jeni Le Gon, and others. Story by Marc Lachman. Directed by Walter Lang.

HOORAY FOR LOVE is as simple as its title. A straightforward account of a college boy's struggle to put on a Broadway musical show, the film comes as a pleasant surprise after all the lavishly preposterous pictures of this type. For one thing, the revue which Gene Raymond, as the budding producer, offers New York is thoroughly believable as such. It is presented with only the usual number of chorus girls and with no waterfalls or miles of outdoor scenery magically confined on the stage. Instead, and happily so, there is the inimitable Bill Robinson's rhythmic tapping, Fats Waller's piano acrobatics, Maria Gambarelli's dancing, the dusky Jeni Le Gon, and the bright Fields and McHugh music given charming voice by lovely Ann Sothern.

The plot of Hooray for Love is an unobtrusively slight thing, concerning itself with Raymond's attempts to crack the theatric game, and then, failing that, to mortgage his home for money to back Miss Sothern's show. When smart Broadwayites fleece Raymond out of his money, and when costumers, carpenters, and stagehands demand their pay, the production is abruptly halted. From this routine situation Hooray for Love comes as a lilting and ingratiating bit of film fare that makes up in the freshness and gaiety of the treatment for any lack of novelty in its well worn plot.

VITAL STATISTICS: This one cost about two hundred thou, that being pretty cheap for a musical. . . . Bill (Bojangles) Robinson continues to knock 'em dead along Celluloid Row. Bill was born in Richmond, Virginia, on May 25, 1878. At the age of eight he went to work in a Washington, D. C., racing stable. Had started dancing at age of five. After stable hours earned a few nickels dancing in beer gardens. Never practiced his dancing, only when he had to: jest messed around, he says. First real job was in a spectacle, The South Before the War. It netted five dollars and board. Got into vodvil in 1908. Bill's married and owns a chauffeured limousine. Has a weakness for ice cream. Consumes four quarts a day. For breakfast he has hot biscuits and ice cream. For luncheon, ice cream. For dinner, ice cream as a pick-me-up, then a steak, chicken, chops, and fish. Despite this weird diet, doctors pronounce him not only organically sound but extraordinarily healthy. . . . Jeni Le Gon, the fiery little colored dancer who teams with Bojangles, has danced in many a white and colored revue, and got this film chance by sending them whooping for her into the night after stopping a revue at the Ebell Theater, Los Angeles. . . . Fats Waller, vast and amiable, radio's harmful little armful, was bo'n in New York; began his singing career in the choir of the Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harlem, where his father preached; ran away from

NTING, MYSTERY

gain; an Unpretentious Musical Proves Thin Man" Fame, Digs Up Another Thriller

ester Morris, Jean Arthur, and Lionel Barrymore.

being the preacher his family wanted him to be; got his music-writing start through the late Arnold Rothstein, for whose musical he did the songs; has written Ain't Misbehavin' and the Irish chiropodist song—My Fate Is in Your Hands. Has enormous hands which enable him to reach out impossible chords on piano or organ. . . . Maria (Mme.) Gambarelli was born in the naval port of Spezia, northern Italy, where the spaghetti benders are liable to be as blonde as she. She danced with Pavlova and became the chief flittee of the Capitol Theater, New York, when Roxy wedded the Living Arts to the Cinema House.

★ ★ ½ THE GLASS KEY

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Edward Arnold, Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, Rosalind Keith, Charles Richman, Emma Dunn, Robert Gleckler, Guinn Williams. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Dashiell Hammett.

LONG before he wrote The Thin Man, which introduced that whimsical liquor-imbibing detective whose imitators are now drinking their wisecracking way through every mystery picture, Dashiell Hammett turned out The Glass Key. This latest baffler, studio property for some time, comes now belatedly to the screen as a well concealed murder thriller with no detective, bibacious or temperate, and with a minimum of coy dialogue.

The Glass Key concerns a racketeer (Edward Arnold) whose political ambitions are snuffed when he becomes involved in a killing that occurs just before election time. With the rotund and kindly Arnold the target of abuse and veiled accusations from crooked newspapers, Raft goes out to clear his boss's reputation, and in the process falls into the trap of a rival gang, where the amiably sadistic Guinn Williams greets him with the most brutal beating shown since that ancient thriller The Spoilers.

Despite his confession of the crime, wise mystery fans will immediately sense that Arnold did not commit the murder. But the disclosure of the killer will, we believe, come as a surprise even to the most astute.

Raft, given short terse dialogue and a role that fits him as smoothly as his Broadway suits, is much more at ease as the big-town slicker than in his recent attempted portrayals of the great lover and bullfighter. Arnold is believable as the reformed trickster; while the rest of the cast, especially Guinn Williams, are effective.

VITAL STATISTICS: Toothpick-thin Dashiell Hammett was born in St. Mary's County, Maryland. Had a crack at high school in Baltimore, wandered in and out of industry as newsboy, messenger boy, office boy, pier checker, and stockbroker's board operator. In 1914 he became a Pinkerton detecatiff just for the romantic hell of the thing. Then enlisted in the war. After armistice went back to dicking it and gumshoed till he got sick in 1922. Lying in bed with nothing to do, he tried his hand at writing. Found he could make more writing about detectives than out of being one, so stuck to it after healing. Is married, has two dotters, and success has given him an English-cabinet-minister dignity and an English bloater manufacturer's weekly wage. . . . Dat Toidy-toid Street sheik, George (God's Gift to Women) Raft, ordered eighteen new suits for this picture. Refuses to wear the same suit in two of his works of art. His pants, which are made corset-high, have been described as having armholes in them. Has his braces custom-made, with his monogram in colors to match the color scheme of the day. Buys suits six at a time, each carefully inspected for chic and snap by his unshaven stooge bodyguard Mack Grey. Though Raft was bred on the air of the Tenderloin, he now needs air-conditioned air on all his stages before he'll mime. Raft is generous; shuns night life; loves six-day bike races and prize fights; and may yet marry Virginia Pine, Chicago minor Barbara Hutton. . . . Guinn Big Boy Williams admits he chose movie work because it was the only way he could earn enough to support his string of more than fifty polo ponies.

★ ★ CHINATOWN SQUAD

THE PLAYERS: Lyle Talbot, Valerie Hobson, Hugh O'Connell, Andy Devine, E. Alyn Warren, Leslie Fenton, Clay Clement, and others. Directed by Murray Roth. Story by Lawrence G. Blochman.

ACCORDING to the movies, the surest method of solving a crime is to fire the detective. This makes him so angry he uncovers the mystery all by himself. Just like the heroes in many recent films, Lyle Talbot isn't stopped in his work by no longer being a member of the force.

In Chinatown Squad, a complicated action piece dealing with Chinese busily intent on supplying airplanes for home revolutionists, Talbot is seen as a brash young ex-detective who ventures into the Oriental dens, gets himself involved with slant-eyed murderers, and comes out unscathed with the answer to many riddles and happily engaged to Valerie Hobson.

Smartly directed by Murray Roth, Chinatown Squad holds its suspense and as a minor effort in sleuthing tactics comes off with pace and gusto. Hugh O'Connell, gravel-throated Andy Devine, and Toshia Mori stand out in minor roles, while Leslie Fenton should be commended for handling his Chinese role without broken English.

VITAL STATISTICS: The first Chinaman slipped through the Golden Gate in 1848, and the first Chinese laundry opened in 1851. By this time thousands of Orientals had swarmed through the Golden Gate and installed themselves in the first Chinatown in America—a small sliver of San Francisco. At one time 45,000 yellow souls, slaves included, lived within this small area. Today about 15,000 Chinese live in San Francisco's Little China. The Chinaman is malignant only in literature, for, despite the evil attributed him by pulp-writing romantics, history proves him the fall guy of the universe—you just can't help stepping on him. His history in Frisco is one long example of this. For years John Chinaman was the prey of the street hooligan. Today the Japanese outnumber the Chinese in California. Hollywood's hardest job today is finding villains. Any nation that finds one of its numbers designated as a Hollywooden heh-heh-heh-er immediately files complaint with the Hays office or bars American pictures from its shores. Thus the revolutionists in China, fighting for freedom from imperialistic overlords and for national unity, supply the bad man for this one. . . . Valerie Hobson is only eighteen; came from an English convent; started as a musical-comedy understudy (what do they teach in convents these days?); and was born at Larne, Ireland, on April 14, 1917. She's a good dancer—that's why she aims high—but hasn't as yet had the op. to show it.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News.

The PRIVATE LIFE of THE Dionne

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

An Intimate Chronicle of the First Year . . . Here, in a Revealing Close-up, Are All the Things the World Has Wanted to Know About Its Most Famous Babies

THOSE five darlings of the world, the Dionne quintuplets —Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, Marie —are at this moment trying to break the brand-new toys presented to them at their first birthday party. I know that is what the scamps are up to, because I have watched for six months the heavy toy mortality in the quintuplet set. Yvonne probably is grabbing Annette's doll, while Annette is tugging at Yvonne's hair. Cécile and Emilie doubtless are making passes at each other with the beautiful metal mugs which the babies use as musical instruments—drums for choice. Sober little Marie is hugging with both hands her most beloved plaything—Dobbin, the wooden horse with the long fierce gray tail. All five babies are doing their best to kick off their knitted booties—or at least to kick holes in them.

Over the group, at play like so many kittens on a wide soft pink blanket, the sunshine floods through the glassed-in walls of the nursery. It's exactly the sort of place where you'd like your own baby to be.

For the past half-year I have been paying them monthly visits. Masked and gowned as a protection against germ-carrying, I have watched them take their baths, eat their breakfast, wave their rattles, kick their nurses, go to bed. I can report as follows:

They are even better-looking than their pictures.

They are a gold-medal exhibit for child hygiene, with a greater chance to live and develop than the average little girl or boy.

They are mentally as well as physically vigorous.

In every way they are wholesome, normal, lovely and lovable babies, who have an ideal existence.

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QUINTUPLETS

by MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

Their triumphant survival proves that babies handicapped at birth can live and grow strong if they are given intelligent indefatigable attention.

Of such multiple births — only thirty-two cases are recorded in medical history—there is no single instance until this one when all the babies lived for more than a few minutes or hours. In addition, the little Dionne girls were premature; the "seven-months" children always so difficult to raise. Finally, their surroundings not only at birth but for months thereafter were primitive and fraught with peril.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, wise and gentle country doctor who brought the Dionne daughters into the world, hardly dared hope they would all remain in it. When an American city editor with two children of his own, an unashamed fondness for all babies, and a liking for long shots, called Callander, Canada, from the telephone on his desk and offered an incubator, Dr. Dafoe could only reply that it would help. The doctor was taking no bets.

Their birthplace, miles from an electric plant, functioned on a kerosene and cordwood basis. To be of any service to them an incubator had to be an obsolete affair, its heating dependent upon a hookup with the kitchen stove.

Such a model, long since retired from active duty at Coney Island, New York, finally was unearthed in Chicago and rushed by plane, train, and road-burning motorcar to the quintuplets' aid. Meanwhile, for the first hours of their lives, they whimpered faintly and wriggled even more faintly in a homemade hotframe devised by their first plucky and ingenious little nurse. She was a youngster only six months out of a training school, a girl of the community in which the babies were born. She lined

a market basket with blankets between which she slipped hot-water bottles, and nested the minute-size midgets in the center, wrapped in pieces of old sheeting.

There were no baby clothes in that home for even one infant, to say nothing of five. There was no hot-water bottle—the nurse had to send for her own, and for any that could be collected from neighbors.

During the first four days of the babies' lives she managed to obtain about four hours' sleep for herself. All the rest of the time she was working to keep her precious infinitesimal bits of babyhood warm and protected and fed from a medicine dropper.

They had their first baths in a saucer of olive oil while their nurse sat in front of a wide-open oven door. They were dressed in jackets of absorbent cotton as soon as these could be made by interested women.

What literally gave the breath of life to the babies might be called an oxygen cocktail. It consisted of inhalations of 95 per cent oxygen and 5 per cent carbon dioxide according to a technique perfected for the treatment of soldiers during the World War. Dr. William A. Dafoe, brilliant Toronto gynecologist and a brother of the famous "country doctor," rushed this special treatment to the aid of the gasping little girls within twenty-four hours of their birth.

Their first food was a combination of milk, water, corn sirup, with a drop of rum added as a needed stimulant. As premature babies, they would not have stood a chance without the natural nourishment of mother's milk. Nursing women in the neighborhood gave what they could spare, but the quantity proved insufficient. Members of the Junior League in Toronto, two hundred and fifty miles away, scoured the city for breast milk. The precious fluid was packed in ice and sent daily to the babies. They were drinking a gallon a day at the end of five months, although they had started on a pint.

At one time the quintuplets weighed less than ten pounds altogether. They were typical premature children—their skin a purplish blue, their stomachs bulging, their faces and limbs pitifully thin. They gained and lost—lost and gained—during the critical early weeks; now one, now another in the lead. At the end of six months, Yvonne and Annette had surpassed by 400 per cent their birth weight.

The doctor and his devoted nurses, furnished by the Canadian Red Cross, waged a never-ending struggle to maintain proper standards of child hygiene in a house without modern sanitation and in a small makeshift nursery seldom visited by the sun, and minus even a door to separate it from the family living room.

The elder Dionnes had been induced to sign a contract for the public exhibition of their offspring—a contract which, in the case of such frail little beings, was nothing less than a death warrant. The parents did not realize this, and therefore the Canadian government found it necessary to appoint a board of guardians and build a special, separate nursery-hospital—the Dafoe Hospital for the Dionne Quintuplets.

IT stands just across the road from the Dionne homestead. The babies were moved into it at the end of their first summer. The nursery—for the babies' second summer it will be remodeled to twice its original size—is a spacious room, its three outer walls practically all windows so that the place is awash with sunshine. The decorations are ivory and green, the floor is spotless hardwood. Five ivory cribs with pink wreaths painted on them are hung with badges and medals blessed by the great church of which the babies' parents are members and in which they have been christened.

A fascinating toy is clamped to the bars of each crib—a wooden bunny and wooden rooster which can be drawn out on a pulley of elastic and snapped back with a gratifying zip by busy little fingers. Each baby also has a tiny wooden "pet" tied to the crib bars. Yvonne's is a puppy, Annette's a squirrel, Cécile's a rooster, Emilie's a rabbit, and Marie's a goose.

There are ivory enamel high chairs and nursery chairs and play pens. Each quin has her own yellow porridge bowl with her name on it, her own brightly colored hot-water bottle with her name written across it in script.

Though immaculately clean, this nursery is gay with color. Bright patchwork quilts are folded across the foot of the cribs. The babies' blankets are pink and blue and yellow and green, with bunnies stamped on them. The winter sleeping-bags, worn in the carriages for four-hour naps on the sun porch, are pink.

I have seen them snoozing peacefully outdoors in morning sunlight at eight below zero. The one cold from which they have ever suffered was an outside infection brought them in the spring. The cheeks of the five are a lovely glowing hue between pink and red—the exact shade of the old-fashioned cinnamon rose. Their finger tips and their tiny toes are as pink as if they had been rouged. Thanks to four-minute sun-ray treatments every other day, the plump, amazingly vigorous little bodies have turned a light biscuit-tan.

Their hair is dark and is so long that it can be curled in cockatoo crests on top of their heads, while it straggles in drakes' tails at the backs of their soft necks. Their eyes are blue-black, and they have curling eyelashes of an incredible length.

THE twice-a-day bath is always a high moment. When I first was admitted to the intimate performance, each little six-months-old girl went into a small white enamel tub by herself. Two months later they had splashed themselves out of the tiny tub into a bathtub full size, where they sported in couples. At ten months they fearlessly spread-eagled on their chests in several inches of water, sometimes without even a nurse's supporting hand beneath them. Yvonne and Cécile at this age were all but swimming. All five children are perfectly fearless. The nurses squeeze a facecloth so that it drips over dark heads and into dark-blue eyes; the babies just blink and that is that. Once when a few drops ran into Emilie's mouth, she started a small wail.

"Must keep your mouth shut in the water, Emilie," said a nurse cheerily. Emilie not only shut the mouth but shut off the cry.

They cry so little, these youngsters! At night there's hardly a peep out of them. When an occasional chirp sounds from a crib, the night nurse, whose bed is in the nursery, says "sh-sh," and baby obediently "shushes."

Awake or asleep, each baby has an unmistakable individuality, "identical" quins though they be.

Yvonne is now the largest and strongest physically, although in the beginning she seemed to have the feeblest grip on life. She could sit up without a pillow or other assistance for many minutes at a time when she was little more than ten months old.

Annette is a shade the most beautiful of the five. Mentally, she is the venturesome one who "starts things." She was first to creep, first to bear her weight on her feet while a nurse held her erect, first to evolve a one-woman pillow fight in her own crib, first to know her name and hold out her arms to be taken up. She cut the first tooth.

Emilie is the temperamental prima donna with the impish expression. She "tried on" a trick of crying for attention when she was only six months old. She would wait at bedtime until the lights were snapped off and the door shut, then utter a piercing dramatic wail. If she heard a nurse tiptoe back to the closed door she would pause, in the patent hope that some one would enter, pick her up, and call her a poor, dear child. It never happened! After experimenting for several evenings Emilie abandoned this bid for the limelight.

Round-faced Cécile is the family flirt. She makes shameless eyes at the big broad-shouldered pink-cheeked Welshman, one of two constables from the district police who act as a pair of watchdogs for the nursery. She likes to bootleg her thumb—suck it on the sly against nursery rules—and she has an unassuagable passion for the color red. She wore out a scarlet Mickey Mouse rattle through never being willing to let it out of her hand. One day I saw her weep bitterly. She tried to pick the red poppies printed on her crib quilt, and they wouldn't come off!

In a litter of puppies Marie would have been called the "runt." She always has been the tiniest quin. She is the only one with a skin blemish; a small innocent tumor

on her leg which is disappearing under radium treatment. Marie, during the first months of her life, seemed just a bit slower on the uptake than her sisters. Now, however, for some time she has gained more, proportionately, in weight than any of the others.

After being weaned from mother's milk the children were put on a milk formula. They have received, from a very early age, daily rations of orange juice, tomato juice and cod-liver oil, in the successful attempt to ward off rickets. They have been given all the boiled and strained water they would drink. Each baby had first her individual water bottle and now her own tall water glass.

Dr. Dafoe decided when his little charges were about eight months old to introduce them gradually to cooked vegetables and pulped fruits, porridge, and egg. When they were a year old they ate nearly everything except meat, pie, icecream, candy, and they liked whatever was served them—even spinach. Some time before their first birthday their meal schedule was arranged on an almost adult basis, with night feedings eliminated. These well-brought-up little persons now sleep twelve hours without giving a moment's trouble.

They wake up with a smile, stretching out their arms to the nurses who bring them a morning pick-me-up of cod-liver oil and orange juice. Then they have an arrowroot biscuit to munch, and you'd be surprised at the amount of chewing which can be done with one or two teeth, the quintuplet average, although more are looked for at any minute. Teething is, for them, a natural and comfortable process.

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

not only is distinguished in the newspaper field, having done about all kinds of feature work and conducted the first woman's column New York ever saw, but is also a novelist, the author of Salt of the Earth and of None But the Brave, recently published.

Seven A. M. brings a bath for each baby, with hair brushing and clean clothes—a shirt, diaper, dress, sweater, booties, but no slips, bands, or stockings. Breakfast is at seven thirty. Each sits up in her little high chair and eats a coddled egg with arrowroot biscuit crumbed in it.

She drinks milk from a glass, and is learning to hold the glass.

The outdoor nap in the carriage on the sun porch lasts all the morning. At eleven, each baby has a glass of milk; at twelve thirty, dinner, consisting of peas, beans, asparagus, spinach, beets, squash, or some other one vegetable, often mixed with beef broth and followed by a dessert of pudding or pulped fruit, with more milk to drink.

Afternoon is mixing time, in play pens or on the big blanket spread over the floor. The tiny squabbles over toys are matched by tiny peacemakings, when Annette and Yvonne pat each other's dimpled hands and smile affectionately.

Another cod-liver-oil-and-orange-juice cocktail is downed at three, and for the later hours of the afternoon each infant goes to her crib. The day's second bath is scheduled for 5 P. M., with a clean nightie and supper of porridge and milk to follow. Taps sounds promptly at six; the light goes out and the door is shut.

To me, the most inspiring and constructive aspect of this great adventure is its dramatizing and publicizing of practical child hygiene—the things every mother and father ought to know and do for every child.

And does the system mean that the quintuplets are deprived of a baby's right to be loved? You'd never think so, if you could see nurses and quins together. No rosy face may be kissed for fear of transmitting a germ, but I should say there are few other unkissed square inches on the five little bodies. That the babies recognize and care for their nurses is equally obvious from the way in which five pairs of eyes follow the white-robed figures and five small folk snuggle contentedly in the safe, sure embrace.

OLIVA and Elzire Dionne, father and mother of the babies, have been urged to come to the nursery daily and share in the happy play hours. For reasons best known to themselves they choose, day after day, not to walk across the narrow strip of road which separates nursery and farmhouse. That the parents do not see more of the quintuplets is no fault of the guardians appointed by the government of Ontario to protect the babies as wards of King George until they are eighteen. Oliva Dionne himself is one of these guardians, Dr. Dafoe is another, the third is Judge J. A. Valin, a French-Canadian Catholic jurist of distinction in the community.

The large sums paid for photograph rights and all gifts to the quintuplets are set aside in a trust for them, which now amounts to over $150,000. These babies, it has been pointed out, in one year earned more than the President of the United States just by staying alive. While the principal of the trust will be held intact, the income is being used not only for Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, Marie but for the benefit of their father, mother, and older brothers and sisters.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, who warded off death a thousand times from these helpless little ones, now carries on his tireless selfless efforts for their welfare under a mud barrage of mendacious propaganda dictated by greed, ignorance, ingratitude, and baseless suspicion. But the private life of the quintuplets—the whole program of their perfect care—has been endorsed warmly by leading child specialists and by every intelligent observer, including physicians who visited the hospital at the request of the father.

The babies grow bigger, better, bonnier. Their future promises even more than their present performance—if in it they continue to be guarded as safely as they are in the nursery in the tiny village of Callander, toward which the eyes and the hearts of America turn today.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **EARLY AMERICAN BOOKS AND PRINTING** by John T. Winterich. Houghton Mifflin Company.
For book collectors, a gem—to beginning collectors, indispensable.

★ ★ ★ **ROAD TO WAR** by Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company.
How and why did it happen? Here is a fine picture puzzle of America getting into a scrap—and at least a part of the answer—done excellently. Today we say we won't let it happen again!

★ ★ ★ **THE GREAT CHANGE—WORK AND WEALTH IN THE NEW AGE** by Richard T. Ely and Frank Bohn. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
With the use of the machine in place of tools began the great change in our social order which is now reaching its climax. We must, the authors hold, write new laws, accept new disciplines, and remobilize our spiritual energies.

★ ★ ½ **BEGGARS' HORSES** by P. C. Wren. John Murray.
How six English officers confessed to an Indian yogi that what they each wanted from life was happiness, health, wealth, courage, strength, and longevity. How they each got their wish—and wished they had not.

★ ★ **SOCIAL GAMES FOR RECREATION** by Mason and Mitchell. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Two stars for adults. Four stars for children and teachers. Four hundred and three pages of game suggestions, many new and all clearly told.

★ **TILL HEAVEN CRACKS** by Micheline Keating. A Hartney Modern.
A willful determined rich woman, a Swedish artist, an erratic brother—all mixed up like a salad.

Jungle Terrors Close In and a Girl Takes a Hideous Vengeance in the Strangest Tale of Bizarre Adventure an Irishman Ever Told

Recorded by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

The MAN who played GOD

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THADDEUS MICHAEL SHEA is seventy and lives near Pasadena. Still vital and magnetic, he seems a man who could indeed have played god among the earth's benighted peoples. " I believe his story true; I cannot prove it or swear to it," Mr. Bedford-Jones says candidly. Detailed verification of such a story is impossible; no one but Shea himself could vouch for many of his extraordinary statements. However, he brings in living personages who should be able to confirm or contradict him; he has relics and even photographs to show for every episode; and Mr. Bedford-Jones has come upon several independent confirmations.

Shea insists that his later frauds were less a mere racket than results of " an awful craving " for the role of a god, to which his first chance experience addicted him. He says that at twenty-four he learned magic and showmanship as a professional magician's assistant. At twenty-seven, in Rangoon, he fell in with one John Kelsey, like himself a big red-bearded Irishman. Kelsey was headed for a jungle district rich in precious stones. He and Shea persuaded their Lalo guide that they were twin manifestations of a god whom the Lalos had long been awaiting. The tribe believed, worshiped them. The " god racket " went to Kelsey's head; in a jealous frenzy he tumbled Shea into a cellar and shut its trap door. After days of imprisonment Shea snared him on the ladder with a slip noose and, in self-defense, killed him.

Shea was now sole god in a temple with five girl wives. But he grew fearful lest the Lalos find Kelsey's body and see through the imposture. Getting them all drunk one night, he slipped off down the river. Three days later the voices of savages, not Lalos, aroused him from a nap in his canoe. " Next thing I knew," he says, " arrows were spitting all around me."

PART TWO—BLOOD-LUSTS IN BORNEO

I CAUGHT up a pistol and let them have it, and they scattered. Not without putting an arrow through my left arm, though. I got away, but the confounded wound festered and brought on fever, so that I had a bad time of it. However, I kept going.

Some days later I came slap on a white man who was out shooting fowl. He was a Frenchman, a timber cruiser for a teak company. I found that, by the usual luck of fools, this river had brought me over the Siamese

I rushed in with a flashlight. He had the girl there in his arms. He whirled on me, snarling, and caught up his rifle.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

FIVE TIMES

border and I was now well into Siam and on my way to the coast.

That Frenchman took care of me, cured up my bad arm and put me on my feet. His name was Souzan. He was from Algiers and was homesick to go back. He asked no questions, took the handful of uncut stones I pressed on him, and shed tears of joy when he saw what they were.

In time I reached Bangkok, sold some of my stones there, and took a steamer to Bombay. This ended my first whack at the god racket. I was through. I wanted no more of it. . . . I should have known that I was bitten by a worse devil than that of drugs! I had tasted being a god. No power on earth could keep me from going back for more.

I wandered about India for two years till my money wore thin. I studied languages, magic, religions, increased my ability in suggestion and hypnotism, and had some queer times. The upshot was that I left India, went to Singapore, and one morning woke up very close to dead broke. That same day, me lad, who did I meet but Vanderdonck, a Dutchman whom I'd known well in Bombay.

Vanderdonck was six feet four, three inches taller than myself, and built like a mammoth. He was in his thirties and was well known as a scientist. For all his science, he was largely animal when you got under his skin. His wife was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, with ash-gold silky hair. In camp I have seen her let down that hair and cover half her body with its radiance.

"Shea! The very man, the very man!" Vanderdonck crushed my hand in his big paw and stared at me. "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for something to turn up," I said.

"Come back to the hotel." He clamped on my arm. "You must meet Leila, madame's maid. I shall tell you everything; you must go with us. We leave tomorrow."

"Whither bound?" I asked.

"Borneo, my friend. Up the Sambas River. Leila comes from there. Does gold have any interest for you? Or diamonds?"

I pricked up my ears at this. Vanderdonck himself was wealthy; ethnology was his lifework, not his means of livelihood.

At this time Borneo was exploited by the Dutch on the south, by Raja Brooke's company on the north. Private adventurers were wiped out by ruthless laws and men. Vanderdonck, however, had full permission from the Dutch government to visit the interior and do as he liked.

We went direct to his suite at the Raffles and found Mme. Vanderdonck. She greeted me with smiling recognition. Her eyes were deep blue, lovely and very spiritual, and yet sad. She must have been ten years younger than Vanderdonck, and she was one of those strange poised women, self-contained, whose eyes pierce through a man in calm judgment. I knew that my mysticism did not fool her at all.

Vanderdonck took a picture from the table. "Here is Leila, as we've named her," he said. "This was taken the other day. She's just sixteen."

The picture showed a thin arrogant young girl's face

with a chrysanthemum behind each ear. Vanderdonck later gave it to me; I have it still. It does not do her justice. Her flaming wild spirit does not show.

"She was hurt and captured by a punitive expedition raiding the Dyak villages far up the Sambas River," said Vanderdonck. "We have taken care of her and taught her Dutch; now she is the maid of madame. She wants to take us back to her people. We are going. Do you know about the Dyak green jars?"

I did not. He went into a long discussion. Hundreds of years ago Chinese traders brought glazed green pottery jars into the Dyak country—big jars. The natives went wild over them. Today many are still in existence, and certain tribes worship them as gods. The Field Museum and other such places have specimens.

According to the girl, her father was the head chief of his district. Her people had many of these jars, and large quantities of gold dust and diamonds. A wild savage folk who hunted heads and hated all whites.

"With her," said Vanderdonck, "we shall be safe. I am after the jars. For you, if you like, the gold and diamonds. *Hein?* All is arranged with the government."

"We need your help, *mijnheer,*" said madame. "We have heard much about you; we know you—"

"We?" I echoed. "But you are not going, surely?"

"Madame insists," said Vanderdonck, growling in his beard. "She goes. My friend, I will be frank. You know much of magic. You can perform tricks to impress these Dyaks. Also I think you can make them talk, tell me things which I must know. This Leila, she is a virgin; with a young girl one can do much in hypnotism."

I had one swift flash of something grotesque and horrible behind the curtain of these three lives. But this did not frighten me off. It fascinated me. So did the idea of gold. Perhaps Vanderdonck had already tried hypnotism on the girl without any luck, I thought.

Certainly his idea was attractive. By hypnotic means he aimed at knowledge which the head-hunters refused to all whites—knowledge of their customs, beliefs, tribal practices, superstitions. He was enthusiastic over it. Mme. Vanderdonck stood firmly behind him.

"If you go," she said, "you must make friends with Leila, impress her, win her confidence. This is imperative. We must all work together to insure success."

I WAS for the venture at once. Leila was brought in and introduced, and she captivated me instantly. At sixteen she was more woman than most European girls at twenty. When I spoke to her in Malay, that golden-tinted face of hers lighted up. Let me admit that I left nothing undone to win her affection. And I won it.

She was superbly, savagely arrogant. She bore the Vanderdoncks no love at all. When she looked at Mme. Vanderdonck her gaze held suppressed contempt, disdain, and fear. With that huge man she was alert, on the defensive; she hated him.

Next day we took steamer to the Dutch fort at Sambas, on the river of this name. It was a slow passage to the Borneo coast. From Sambas we must take a native boat a hundred miles upriver.

During the voyage Mme. Vanderdonck neglected no chance of throwing me and Leila together. I devoted myself to the girl. Tricks of suggestion, telepathy, sleight of hand—I poured out everything to charm her. One day she brought me a native of the crew who believed he was bewitched by devils so that he could not eat. He was actually starving himself to death.

He was a meek submissive little chap, a ready subject for my mental powers, and in half an hour I had him cramming balls of rice into his mouth and laughing. This produced a tremendous effect on Leila.

By the time we reached Sambas I was madly in love with her. How far her devotion to me was personal I did not know. Vanderdonck expressed himself as delighted by my success in winning her friendship and confidence. I had kept my eye on him. He was apparently devoted to madame, as well he might be.

I picked up some odd rumors about him, however, on the steamer. Nothing overt; hints, shrugs. I got the captain drunk one night, and he told me Vanderdonck was a fine fellow in civilization, but in the jungle a wild beast, by repute. This was all I could gather.

AT Sambas, the resident had wangled a fine native craft out of the sultan. We had a dozen sepoys for guards and coast natives for bearers. Once we left the boat we would leave the soldiers also, as Leila refused to take them. She said we would have no need of guards. The resident told Vanderdonck we were mad to trust her, but Vanderdonck only laughed at him. Trust her? Yes, we could trust her implicitly, had we only been able to trust ourselves!

On the way upriver Leila had us procure her a heavy gong of brass. The Dyaks used these things by way of communication, and she knew how to send messages.

The night before we left the boat we had a conference on the subject of Leila. She was present. We spoke English, which she did not understand. Vanderdonck was all for trying to dip into her brain here and now and start experiments. His wife dissented.

"Wait," she said. "Wait until we reach her people. We do not know just how these experiments will result. We should take no chances on affecting her clarity of thought and action at this stage."

"I suppose that is best," Vanderdonck assented grudgingly. He cast an eye at the girl. With a scarlet sarong snug over her little breasts and slim hips, and a flower behind her ear, she was a picture of savage grace. He grunted, and in Malay asked her to come out and tell him the native names of the stars. They went out to the deck together. Mme. Vanderdonck flung one strange look after them.

"Wait, Mr. Shea. I want to speak with you," she said, and there was an unwonted agitation in her eyes. "It is about my husband. I—well, I may need your help."

"Dear madame, I am at your service," said I.

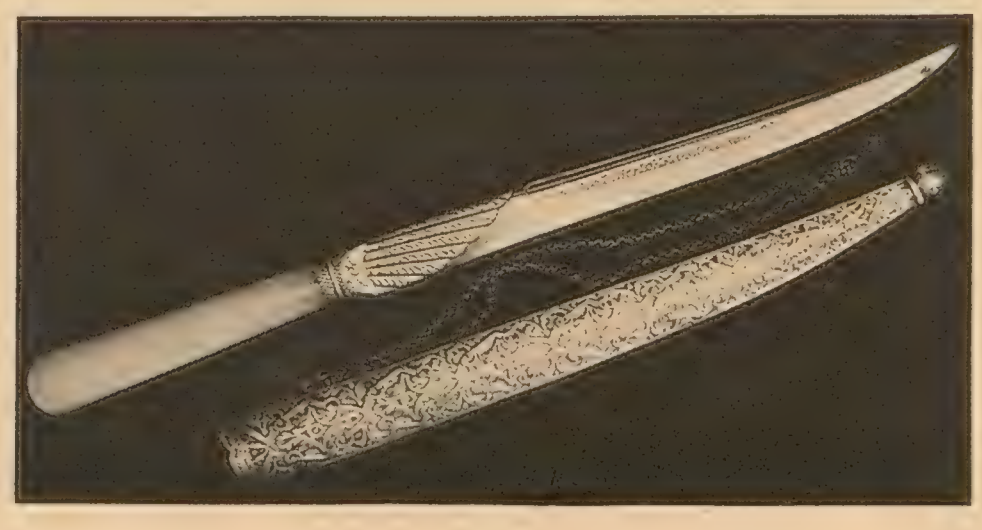
"It is difficult to express," she went on slowly. "Among savages he becomes a different person. I am with him this time in the endeavor to hold him to himself."

"I understand," was my assurance. I felt an infinite pity for this glorious woman; her loveliness at times was almost supernatural. "But what can I do?"

She was silent for a moment. "I do not know—yet," she murmured. "I thought that I could handle it, but now I am afraid. Of what? I cannot say."

Late that same night Leila came close to me as I stood at the rail. I reached out and touched her arm. She caught at me, put her lips to my ear, and spoke with passion.

"Trust me, trust me!" she breathed. "None of you know what I can do, what I



The Dyaks' sacred knife, which Shea still has. Mr. Bedford-Jones describes it as being "eighteen inches long, the blade a sliver of finest steel inlaid with a gold inscription in Persian. The handle is of white jade. The sheath is silver."

shall do. But wait. Trust me and you shall become a god among my people!"

For a long instant her lips were pressed to mine; then she was gone. But the poison of her words remained. A god!

We plunged into the jungle with our bearers and two Dyak guides. Leila ran the entire affair for us. Twice a day, morning and night, she took that brass gong and sat down to send out messages. And she got replies: dim clangors that carried for miles and miles. What it all meant she would not tell us, and Vanderdonck did not like her arrogance a little bit.

Meanwhile he did change. Imperceptibly his civilized veneer fell away. His Continental politeness gradually left him; he was still pleasant enough, but his good humor passed into a joviality, a roaring boisterous hilarity that was unnatural. And Leila avoided this behemoth like the pest.

Then one morning we woke up to find ourselves alone, the four of us.

It was Leila's doing. She calmly informed us that she had sent back the bearers, as otherwise her people would have taken their heads; and that her people would be here within twenty-four hours to make us welcome. Then she went off to beat her gong.

Vanderdonck was actually purple with rage. I believe he would have taken a whip to the girl, had not his wife and I drummed some sense into his head.

"You," he said, calm at last but very pale, "have something of the devil in you, Shea. Nothing worries you. But pride goes before a fall. As for you, madame, you are one of God's angels."

He kissed his wife's hand and went away to cook some food.

She looked at me and smiled a little. It was, I think, about her last smile in this life.

We were camped near a Dyak runway. Most of that day Leila was off by herself with her gong. The rolling brazen vibrations were in the air the whole day; half the hill country was talking with her. Vanderdonck was most eager to learn this gong language, which no white man had ever fathomed.

"To you at least she is submissive," he said. "Once under your hypnotic spell, keep her there—do you understand? We'll pump that clever brain of hers dry and she'll know nothing of it."

I shrugged. No use explaining hypnotism to him; he had a child's idea of it. I had come to doubt seriously if we would get anything out of Leila that way. I did expect to have better luck with some of her tribe, however.

VANDERDONCK went off with his gun late in the afternoon, and came back toward dark with a brace of fowl at his belt and a strange look in his face. Madame flung one glance at him and went white as death, then retired into her tent and remained there. However, our behemoth helped me to get supper, and beyond a surly manner I had no fault to find with him. Madame and Leila joined us, and it was a silent meal.

That evening Leila persuaded me to do the rope trick for her. The Vanderdoncks had never seen it, and I had some fun with our behemoth. The rope was a six-foot length of Manila hawser. I produced it, asking Vanderdonck to tie my hands and feet with it. He did so and threw a blanket over me, timed me for two minutes, drew off the blanket—and there I sat with the rope in hand.

It was a trick rope, of course. The only thing I had to do was to make sure that the center of the rope was over my wrists—for it was in two sections, one holding a lock, the other a socket. Half a turn would release the lock. I had only to give the half turn with my wrists, or even with my teeth, and my hands were free.

Vanderdonck flew into a fury because I would not explain how the trick was done, and we broke up in more or less ill will.

About midnight I was wakened by a low terrible wail in the voice of Leila. I heard a scuffle in Vanderdonck's tent and rushed in with a flashlight. He had the girl there in his arms. She was vainly trying to fight him off. His bearded face was that of a wild beast. He whirled on me, snarling, and caught up his rifle, holding Leila under his left arm.

At that moment Mme. Vanderdonck walked in upon us. She said nothing, but stood there, her eyes wide, staring at her husband. He swung up the rifle, saw her, and dropped the girl. There was foam on his lips. He leaped at us, struck me aside, hit her in the face, and went rushing out of the tent. When I got to my feet, he had disappeared among the trees. Mme. Vanderdonck had disappeared also. I sank down and gasped for breath—that one blow had nearly killed me.

Leila—"more woman at sixteen than European girls at twenty"—from the very picture Shea affirms Vanderdonck gave him.

After a time I heard the brass gong hammering away. Leila was sitting out in the moonlight with it. Presently an answer came, then another, then another. She would say nothing to me until she had finished.

I SHOUTED and fired a rifle, but got no reply from Vanderdonck or his wife. To try and follow them at night was useless. Not that I was worried about Vanderdonck. It was his unfortunate wife who was on my mind.

Leila finished with the gong and joined me. She would say very little, except that Vanderdonck had caught her up out of her tent, torn off her sarong, and nearly stifled her with it. Finally she left me and I fell asleep.

When I wakened, a score of Dyaks were in the camp. Leila came to my tent and smiled in at me.

"Be careful, *tuan*," she said in Malay. "All is going well; but remain here until I tell you to come out. Remember the sumpitan darts."

I nodded. Vanderdonck had a collection of those damnable things—tiny slivers of bamboo for use in a sumpitan or blowpipe, each tipped with a paralyzing poison.

Unpleasant fellows, these Dyaks, armed with shields, blowguns, and all sorts of cutlery.

After perhaps half an hour Leila returned.

"Come out," she said. "Ask no questions, show no emotion. And stay away from me. Remember!"

All our weapons had disappeared. Helpless, I assented. The Dyaks were grouped about, squatting, chewing betel paste, watching me. As I passed a pile of food cases and boxes, I came to an abrupt halt. Something white lay there in the grass. When I realized what it was, a nausea of horror seized upon me.

This white object was the naked body of Mme. Vanderdonck. The body only.

Yes, the head was gone! Planted between her breasts was the haft of a knife that had been driven through her body—a haft of white jade. As I stood there staring, the voice of Leila came to me softly:

"Now, *tuan!* Everything depends on this. Fail and you die. Take out the knife and give it to me. Quickly!"

I did not understand, of course. Not until long afterward did I learn that these Dyaks thought I had killed the poor woman and had produced this knife by magic.

However, fear and self-interest mastered my horror. Somehow I drew the knife out. Shivering, sick with the whole thing, I called Leila and gave it to her. She thrust it into a silver sheath that hung from her waist.

The Dyaks all leaped up, wildly excited. They brought me food, but I could not eat; I went back into the tent. Presently Leila came, laughing, and flung herself down beside me. I questioned her about Vanderdonck and how his wife had died. She professed ignorance.

"He is gone into the forest. No doubt my people killed her and took her head. That is their custom."

She did tell me what the knife meant. It was the

ancient emblem of authority among her people. When her father had been killed by the punitive expedition that captured her, the knife had disappeared. Now it had come back—had been given to her by me. I was supposed to be a god, in short, who had brought her home and was bringing prosperity and good luck to her tribe.

She did not tell me that she had had the knife all the while, having taken it from her dead father. The Dyaks had produced the sheath, which she had not been able to take. Probably she guessed that my love for her might not stand the strain of the whole truth.

When I insisted on burying Mme. Vanderdonck's corpse, she shrugged and agreed. I looked for the head, but none of these warriors had it.

More Dyaks assembled, and with afternoon we got away from there. During the next three days we traveled on into the hills. At length we reached the headquarters of the tribe, a number of long houses in a wide and pleasant valley. One house was given up to me entirely—to me and Leila.

As a god I flatter myself that I was a complete success among those savages. I made friends with their shaman, or devil priest, and taught him a few tricks. Within a month our long house contained all the green Chinese jars in the whole district, and in them were the gold and other things gathered by the hill folk. And heads. Instead of keeping these trophies as family possessions, the Dyaks took pride in turning them over to us. The whole house was decorated with them.

God? Yes. Before a month was past I had solidly established myself as a supernatural being. Hypnotism, suggestion, medicine—I used anything and everything that came to hand. I never used Leila as an experimental subject, however. In those days I still had a few scruples left, strange to say.

I loved that girl, and her love for me was a consuming flame. Through her, those Dyaks worshiped me blindly. The ecstasy of love, of despotism, of godhead carried me to strange and terrible heights. I was a mixture of imposture and real inner power—or so I fancied.

Three months passed, and in this time gradually faded from my memory the vision of Mme. Vanderdonck's frightful end. Never had I been able to trace her lost head. It was not among those of the tribe. Nor could I get any trace of Vanderdonck, alive or dead.

BEING always uncertain of the future, I sent off many parcels of gold and diamonds to the Dutch post on the upper Sambas River. This might have continued indefinitely had it not been for an epileptic boy whom I undertook to cure. He was an apt subject for hypnotism, yielding readily to my influence. The two of us were alone, and I questioned him.

"Of the sacred knife and the white orangutan it is forbidden to speak," he murmured. A white ape? I asked him about it. He really knew little except that the white orangutan would soon be dead. He told me where the creature lived. He told me about the knife—about Leila's knife.

Thus, for the first time, I learned the story of that knife. It was even then at my girdle.

I put two and two together and began to tremble. That she and no other had killed Mme. Vanderdonck was inescapable. She had tabooed the subject; none of the Dyaks were to speak of it or of the white orangutan—and this, she had told them, was by my express command.

It was a clear cold evening. The full moon had just risen. I sent the boy back to sleep, took my rifle, and slipped out. Miles away lay the place described by the boy—a place used by my friend the shaman for incantations, and shunned by all the Dyaks.

I came to it in the white blaze of moonlight—a floor if ironwood poles raised off the ground, with thatched sides and roof. I heard a sound of mad wild laughter. It was the voice of Leila! Mingled with it was a deep and terrible groaning. Then I heard her speaking in Dutch, and I went forward quietly, ascended to the platform, and looked in.

In the center of the hut was a mud fireplace. Beside this squatted the devil priest. Two lamps lit the place obscurely. Leila stood at one side, stark naked, laughing, holding in her hand one of the little shrunken, dwarfed human heads. She held it by its long hair.

"SO now it is finished," she was saying mockingly. "You have watched him smoke it, work upon it, shrink it. You have seen it grow small day by day, while your hands became useless and rotted. Now we shall hang it about your neck, that while you live she may still be near to you."

She broke into a peal of frightful laughter. I felt cold sweat start out on my body. Then I saw the shadows at one side move, heard again that long, terrible groan, and glimpsed the huge figure there.

It was Vanderdonck.

His shape came clear as the shaman moved one of the lights. He was tied by the two wrists and forearms to opposite posts of the hut, so that he had a little freedom of movement.

But the rawhide thongs about his wrists had shrunk; his hands had become mere shapeless stumps. He was naked, his hair and beard long and matted. He groaned again.

"She whom you loved!" cried Leila tauntingly.

She leaped forward. The head in her hand remained against the chest of Vanderdonck; over his head was a loop of its long hair. Laughing, she postured before him as he shrank from the dangling thing. Derisively she flung her own naked loveliness in his face.

"You desired me, wild man," she cried out. "Look! Am I not beautiful? Yes, you turned from her who loved you to me who did not love you. And so I have given her to you—I have given you back to her—"

She ended in a burst of shrill and terrible laughter.

I looked at the thing hanging about the neck of Vanderdonck. I could not believe what I had heard, could not grasp the truth of it. But that hideous little grinning face with what seemed gray hair about it—no, it was not gray at all. It was a silvery gold. The head—merciful heavens! It was the head of Mme. Vanderdonck.

Suddenly the shadowy figure of Vanderdonck moved. His foot flew out. Caught off guard, the kick took Leila under the chin and knocked her backward to fall in a senseless heap. A cry broke from the shaman, and catching up a whip he leaped forward.

What then? What was to be Vanderdonck's fate? Let the man who played god five times tell you next week, and tell you also of his own madly audacious impersonation of the Mahdi, the promised messiah of Islam, in a palace built on a rock in the Sahara—the palace of a grim middle-aged female despot who was capable, as Shea was to discover, of a hideous revenge!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS
ON PAGE 19

1—No; only those carrying a total of fifty passengers and crew or more, or those traveling 200 miles or more between ports.

2—Antimacasser should be antimacassar.

3—Gene Tunney.

4—The New York Associated Press was organized in 1848. The Associated Press, as now constituted, was formed May 22, 1900.

5—Living men. They are the forty members of the French Academy.

6—Italy; July 4 being the anniversary of the birth of Garibaldi.

7—To, too, two.

8—He referred to a country: Canada.

9—*Ter in die; post cibum* (Three times a day; after a meal).

10—Phthysis should be phthisis.

11—Nat Goodwin.

12—When they are placed in the custody of a third party pending the performance of agreed conditions.

13—It cannot appropriate more than $25,000.

14—It is in the Gulf of Naples, twenty miles from the city of Naples.

15—A celebrated labor-union leader. He is president of the United Mine Workers of America.

16—A female foal or colt; a young mare.

17—Exodontia.

18—Wiley Post's famous round-the-world airplane is called the Winnie Mae.

19—The 1930 census enumerated 332,397.

20—Yes.

Patients I Could Murder

by A DOCTOR'S WIFE

The End of Fifteen Years of Long-Suffering Silence About You and You and YOU

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FIFTEEN years ago I heard an eminent New York specialist give advice to a young doctor the night before he started private practice in the suburbs. The doctor's remarks were fraught with excitement, risk, and suspense. As the young doctor was my husband I drank in every word the older man uttered. I had never realized there was so much to be considered. Of course I knew that one needed more than a shingle, a little black bag, and a medical degree to be a doctor. But the things I did not know were innumerable!

The ladies that play hide-and-seek with the doctor's reputation.

Advice on medical ethics, behavior, bedside manner, decorum, dress, social and business contacts, religion, finance, economics, relations with hospitals, other doctors, and laboratories—all this and more rained upon my husband. I sat wonderstruck in silence. Finally when Dr. X stopped talking I asked him timidly if he had any advice for me.

He laughed a bit harshly, and then said kindly: "Yes, but I am afraid you won't take it. As long as you are a doctor's wife, keep your mouth shut! Never know anything and never say anything."

To his surprise and to my own, for fifteen years I followed that advice. The older doctor is now dead and I cannot keep still any longer. I am sick and fed up with all the written and spoken complaints about doctors. Talk about their high fees and their failures, murmurings for state medicine, and countless carpings about the profession generally have driven me to speech.

I feel it is time to present the other side of the picture. There may be much wrong with the patient!

Born and brought up in a family where the doctor was loved, respected, and trusted, I am horrified at the fashion in which the average modern family treats its doctor. My father believed that you had a doctor because you trusted him, and if you couldn't trust him there was no point in wasting his time or your money. When the doctor came to our house, my mother was solicitous about him. She took his advice, sent for him when she needed him, and tried to spare him all she could.

But not so your modern family! Each member may have his or her doctor. If they are keeping up with the Joneses they rush out and have the Joneses' doctor. Sometimes the Joneses' doctor is a specialist. But that makes no difference; if it is smart in the community to have Dr. Z, the family will have Dr. Z. Dr. Z may be an excellent specialist, but the family would have better health and less expense if it left its medical care to the well trained general practitioner. He is the one to call in the specialist when needed. If the family chooses a well trained, able, conscientious practitioner and takes care of him, the family will have the maximum amount of good care from him.

Some patients are considerate of the doctor, but more waste his doctor's time, insult his intelligence, seriously harm his health and his reputation, and lose sight of the fact that he has only one life to live and only twenty-four hours of the day in which to work.

First there is the "wait until papa comes home" type. This poor soul has a sick child. Instead of calling the doctor early in the day, she waits until papa comes home, until the entire neighborhood and relations have been consulted—and Tommy's fever has become alarming. Then, late at night, she calls the doctor, breaks his rest unnecessarily, and expects Tommy to be cured by one visit. When she gets a bill for a night call, she objects. I do not deny that there are real sudden illnesses, but the percentage in the average family doctor's practice is small. This patient could have called the doctor earlier, possibly avoided a long illness, saved the doctor's energies, and saved extra expense.

Next comes the well meaning witless soul who just happens to be passing by. She decides to have her child examined. When she is asked to return at regular consulting hours, she replies blandly, "Oh, I can't come then. I have to make cakes for the church social and I'll be too busy. I just thought I'd catch the doctor in." One patient of this type arrived at seven in the morning. She had taken her husband to the train, and her child along for the ride. You can be sure she didn't "catch the doctor in," for he was still asleep. He had been out all night on a very ill case and I decided Johnny could wait. This patient never would realize that a doctor is not just sitting in the office waiting for her to happen in.

Next comes the witless soul who happens to be passing by.

This type is related to the patient who talks indefinitely on the telephone, asking advice, and yet resents paying for it. She or he buttonholes the doctor on every occasion, particularly social, and talks about Great-Aunt Jane's gall bladder or Cousin John's hernia.

They do not realize that they are really asking for free advice, and that doctors do like to go out sometimes and not talk shop.

The waiting-room questioner is another nice specimen. She goes conversational and asks every other patient exactly why he has come to the doctor. She is usually old, the other patients are too polite to strike her—and it is left to the doctor to restrain her. If he doesn't do it tactfully, she goes out and talks about him.

Probably worse than this old lady is the fiendish type that gets after the doctor's wife. "Dear Mrs. Brown, your nice husband is taking care of Mrs. Smith. Now I am her best friend; won't you tell *me* what is the matter?" The old familiar line! Remembering Dr. X's advice, I first tried polite evasion, then humor, and finally a downright "I don't know." First I was branded as dumb, and finally as a liar.

The fiendish type that gets after the doctor's wife. The old familiar line!

But these rude silly souls are as nothing compared with the so-called ladies that play hide-and-seek with the doctor's reputation. I am reminded of one poor doctor who for a time lost much practice because a rich moron said he took dope in powders. The fact was he had a gastric ulcer and was on the Sippy regime.

Another nice man with a charming family, able, well trained, with twenty-five years of practice behind him, was blandly dismissed at a smart luncheon as being "the best abortionist in town." I almost fainted. It was such an incredible lie. This particular doctor was on the staff of three large hospitals and had excellent standing with his colleagues. Another doctor—a charming bachelor—was described as a drunkard. He drinks a cocktail now and then. The woman who made the remark has a marriageable daughter in whom the young man was obviously not interested. The remark, however unfounded, did him no good.

In this group of stupid, dangerous, ill mannered patients is the faintly amusing type that expects the doctor to be flattered by her patronage. A case in point is the young matron who regaled a dinner party with the story of Cousin Mary's husband. It seems Cousin Mary's husband insisted on telephoning one of the best obstetricians in New York City one night. He didn't need him, but he and his party were a bit lit and felt sociable. Lying to the doctor's nurse, they found out where the doctor was, and crashed a perfectly strange dinner party the obstetrician and his wife were attending.

I ventured that perhaps he was annoyed. The matron laughed and said, "My dear, he was upset and his wife was wild—and she had a big nerve. Dr. K has delivered all Cousin Mary's five children and been damn well paid for it." I almost fell under the table! I may be a prejudiced wife, but I think these people acted like boors.

It is in the matter of fees, perhaps, that you have most insight into the pettiness and bad manners of the patient. I will never forget the night an angry patient harangued my husband for half an hour. It seems the patient had received a bill of six dollars for two house calls made on his wife when she had a cold. The patient pointed out that he had paid a hundred dollars a year and a half before for his wife's delivery, and until two years from that date he didn't intend to pay for any other services. My husband asked him if he expected not to be charged if his wife broke her leg before the period of two years elapsed, and he said yes. The man was either crazy or just a chiseler.

Another young patient was very angry at my husband's bill for his wife's delivery. The fee was moderate. Instead of coming to the office and discussing it with my husband, he brought the subject up at a casual meeting in the local garage. My husband pointed out that his wife had been in a private room, with day and night specials (nurses), and that a fee of one hundred dollars was hardly exorbitant. He retorted that his father had only paid twenty-five dollars when he was born and that he didn't intend to pay any more. After much patience with him, my husband sued him—and perhaps unwisely, as he and his silly wife did my husband more than a hundred dollars' worth of harm.

I suppose every doctor has the patient with the large family. When anything happens to the children, they seem resentful of medical expense and point out sadly that they have "so many children." One family sticks in my mind. They were always having broken arms and legs. Finally one little girl had a serious fracture of the elbow joint. My husband was fortunate in taking care of it and got a perfect result. He sent a moderate bill. The father was furious and insulting. He raked out an old bill for a simple fracture that another member of the family had suffered some years before, and declared he wouldn't pay any more for the recent fracture.

My husband pointed out that the earlier fracture was greenstick in type, and that the recent one was most serious—needed more care and might quite easily have left the little girl with a permanent disability. All this made no impression on the child's father. He would pay one price for a thing or nothing. His wife added the only amusing note. She said blandly, "After all, doctor, we are casual about broken arms in this family—we have so many." My husband asked how casual she would have been if Jane had got a bad result; would she have slapped a malpractice suit upon him? To this she had no answer.

But the patients I could most cheerfully murder are the sweetly sympathetic souls who commiserate with the doctor's wife. "Oh, you poor dear, your husband is out at all hours—and aren't you jealous?" "Your husband has so many women patients and they are crazy about him!" On and on! The poor dopes fail to realize that if the doctor wasn't out a lot and if the women didn't like him, he and his wife would soon starve to death. A doctor's wife, if she has any sense, shouldn't care how many women her husband knows. The more the merrier. A husband not to be trusted is a husband not to be trusted, whether he is a plumber or a doctor! The profession makes no difference. If you marry a man because of what he is, rather than because you like him, you deserve whatever you get.

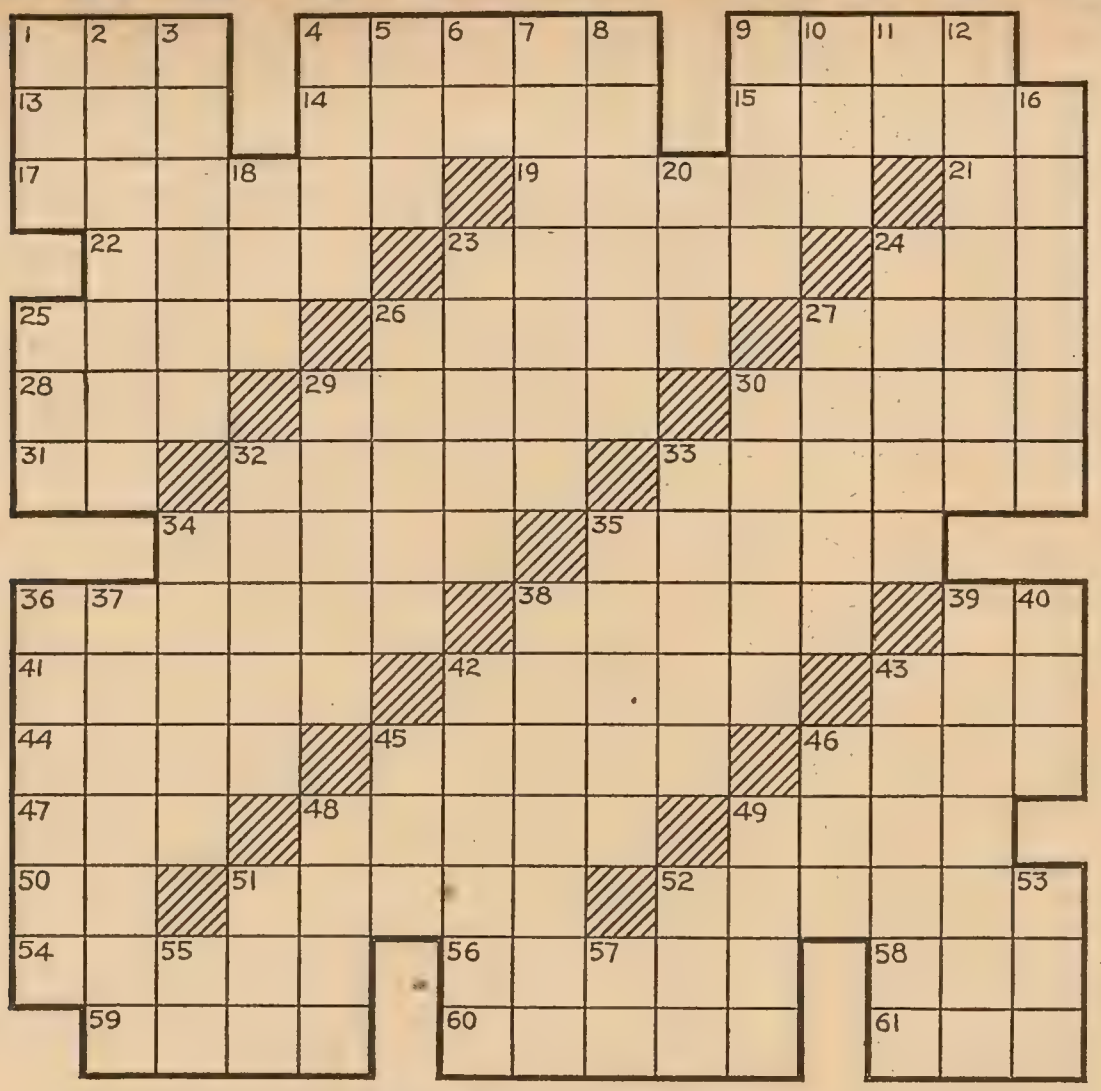
I do not mean to be too sympathetic to doctors. I do not think they are gods. But I do think that they try to do much for humanity and that they can do much more if they are helped by the patient. The death rate of doctors rises in the fifties and sixties. It is too young to die. A business man has holidays. A doctor building up his practice, unless he has private means, has neither time nor money for much rest. The rudenesses and discourtesies do a lot to wear down his spirit.

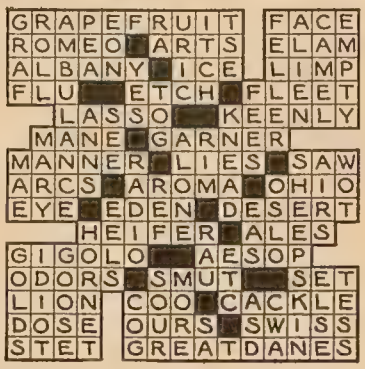
All the careless gossip, all the stupidities and misunderstandings I have mentioned have driven me to speech after fifteen years.

THE END

An angry patient harangued my husband for half an hour.

CROSS WORDS





Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 To enclose and confine
4 Apparent
9 To fall short
13 Past
14 Inferior in degree or importance
15 A genus of herbaceous plants
17 A term used in the game of golf
19 A tree
21 A brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
22 To blow or sound a horn
23 Core
24 A deity in Egyptian mythology
25 Fine ravelings from fabrics
26 Pains
27 Satisfy the desire or appetite of
28 An equine
29 The marks left by a blow
30 A small twig
31 Pronoun
32 Probes for searching wounds
33 The official residence of a sovereign
34 Applies a slight coloring to
35 Marshal of France in the nineteenth century
36 Proofreader's mark (plural)
38 Variety of eel
39 Hush!
41 Prevaricators
42 A tract of soft wet land
43 Playing card
44 A tree (plural)
45 A German state
46 The second caliph
47 Fabric having a ribbed surface
48 In a manner more evil or bad
49 A city in Arabia
50 Negative prefix
51 Continued attempt to gain possession
52 Things to be done
54 Contends
56 Growing out
58 A son of Jacob
59 Cardinal number
60 Women of station or authority
61 Artfully or meanly cunning
8 Ministers to, as in illness
9 A thing done
10 A tree
11 A pronoun
12 Of the law contained in Leviticus
16 To revoke
18 Witty saying
20 The bitter vetch
23 Pursues game
24 Charlotte Corday's victim
25 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
26 Suggestions
27 To render oblique
29 Depressions made by blows
30 Isaac's mother
32 Rows or ranks, one above the other
33 Pucker
34 Tread on repeatedly
35 The inventor of telegraphy
36 Characteristic of the clergy
37 Part of an airplane
38 Village in St. Lawrence County, N. Y.
39 Opprobrium
40 A pronoun
42 Mingled
43 Reparation
45 Gardener's tool
46 A poem
48 Sage
49 Undergoes change with the lapse of time
51 Japanese coin
52 Corroded
53 One indefinitely of a number
55 Greek letter
57 Form of to be

VERTICAL

1 Possessed
2 One given overmuch to thought of self
3 Adults of subnormal mental development
4 Leave out
5 Contend against
6 Measure of type
7 A former British field marshal

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Where Labor Stands After the Wreck of the NRA

America's Union Chief States the Position of the Workingman as a Result of the Supreme Court's Recent Decision

by WILLIAM GREEN
President of the American Federation of Labor

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN the Schechter case—the test case for the NRA—the Supreme Court of the United States found that the NRA is unconstitutional. The two major points involved were the "delegation of legislative power," which was found to be "inconsistent with the constitutional prerogatives and duties of Congress," and the "attempted regulation of intrastate transactions which affect interstate commerce only indirectly." For the present, therefore, the curtain has been rung down on the stage toward which all eyes were turned expectantly to witness the evolution of a new order of things.

The death knell has been sounded to one of the greatest experiments for social justice which our country has ever undertaken. The administration is now powerless to protect those improvements in hours of work and rates of pay which were brought about under the codes; and those millions of wage earners who availed themselves of their rights under the law and organized in trade-unions of their own choosing are denied any protection whatsoever. On the other hand, associations of manufacturers have developed as never before.

In less than two years the NRA traveled from the steel mills of Pittsburgh to the oil wells of Texas—from the textile plants of Georgia to the great lumber camps of the Northwest. From the shoe factories of Maine to the cement mills of California, is there a worker who did not come to learn that the United States government was establishing codes to limit his hours of work and his minimum rate of pay? In that great maze of industries and trades which have been included under codes of fair competition, is there a single employer who did not recognize that he suddenly became responsible to the United States government for his relationship with the buyers of his product and the workers in his shop? Not only in our large cities but also in every town and hamlet throughout the land, we found the Blue Eagle displayed in store windows and in homes. Housewives recognized that the Blue Eagle was a stamp of approval on the goods that they purchased.

It seems but a few months since the NRA fever was sweeping the country. In every community special committees were set up to spread the word that the NRA had come to cure our troubles, that the Blue Eagle would lead us out of the depression. The enthusiasm can be compared only with a Liberty Bond drive during the World War, or with a Red Cross drive in time of fire, flood, or hurricane. The emergency was here, and the people rose to meet it with one accord.

Employers, workers, and consumers looked to the government to show the way out. Employers agreed to reduce hours, increase wages, and give their employees the right to organize and bargain collectively, in return for certain freedom of joint action and protection against unfair methods of competition. Housewives agreed to give preference to products which had been manufactured and sold under Blue Eagle conditions. Workers recognized their twofold obligation. As consumers, they made every effort to patronize Blue Eagle products; and as workers, they sought to unite in free trade-unions for that collective bargaining which was the keynote of the entire program.

Employers felt that at last they had been freed from that vicious price cutting which had wrought such havoc. Employees were filled with hope for the future. The long hours which had been required of them were to be reduced to a reasonable day. The shorter workday for these men who were receiving work would mean that some of the former employees who had been kept from work for many months could be brought back into the plant to earn a living. Twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks would be abolished and replaced by six or eight hours' work a day, with one or two days a week for living.

The girl in the garment shop who had been toiling long hours for seven or ten cents an hour would have her earnings increased to a reasonable wage through the NRA code. The young boys and girls who had worked long hours at mercilessly low wages would be freed again from the shop or factory to gain further education, to help in the home, or to build physical strength and health. With codes established to determine minimum conditions of work, actual conditions were to be determined through collective bargaining. In short, management was to be protected from practices which had brought us to an almost hopeless plight, and workers were to be given the means whereby their interests also would be protected. The protection of management and workers was to make possible general readjustments on the basis of which our mines and factories could be busy again producing for the needs of the people. The people who were paid wages for producing these goods and with which these goods would be purchased would be lifted out of the depths of starvation and suffering and returned at least to those conditions to which every human being in our country is entitled. These are the new horizons toward which our faces were set less than two years ago.

Many of the adjustments required for the fulfillment of our purposes were not effected, but many of the worst conditions were abolished. We entered the early stages of a wholly new economy. We left the regime characterized by "rugged individualism" and uncontrolled working conditions, and entered upon a new regime in which the government took a definite hand in our industry.

The legislation on which this tremendous social experiment was based has now been wiped away. Will the momentum of these brief months carry us ahead to the goal which we sought? Will industry voluntarily continue to reduce hours and increase rates of pay until equilibrium is reached in our productive system? Will the right to organize and bargain collectively be protected by employers, though they be free from compelling legislation? The answer to all of these questions is most certainly in the negative.

We know, from the tragic experience of 1931 and 1932, that wage earners must suffer untold hardships brought about directly by competitive price cutting in industry. We know from years of bitter experience that wage earners will be subjected to relentless persecution if their right to organize and bargain collectively is not protected. Today this problem is more serious than ever. Countless union groups throughout the land will be victimized by unscrupulous employers who are determined to rid their shops of union men regardless of cost. Thousands of workers whose cases have not yet been disposed of through the National Labor Relations Board are left on the streets without work and without one whit of protection from the United States government. They sought to avail themselves of their rights under the law, and this is the penalty that they must pay. Such is the fate of those groups which have not yet acquired the economic strength which will enable them to protect their interests without government protection.

Where strong organization has been developed, we have different circumstances to face. Those groups which prior to 1933 or during the NRA established true collective bargaining with their employers will continue on the same footing. During these recent months certain employers have learned that dealing with their employees on a basis of true collective bargaining brings advantages which are not to be abolished with the elimination of the NRA.

Where such relationships have not yet been built up, but where there is organization with sufficient strength, whatever practices may be adopted by management will be unavailing. These men and women will exert all of the power at their command to maintain the gains which they have achieved. Attempts by management to cast labor back into the depths from which it has lifted itself inch by inch will mean open conflict.

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"Attempts to cast labor back into the depths from which it has lifted itself will mean conflict," predicts the author.

WITHIN the first few days after the Supreme Court decision, Washington was deluged with pleas and exhortations. The shock resulting from the invalidation of this legislation brought about an instantaneous reaction which quite completely overshadowed all complaints which were received during its lifetime.

Statements are made by national groups that the discontinuance of the NRA should not be permitted to lower those conditions which have been established under the codes. The United States Chamber of Commerce and National Association of Manufacturers issued statements to this effect immediately after the news became known.

No doubt every effort will be made in certain quarters to carry on the program which has been started, but already alarming reports are at hand which show quite conclusively that such efforts are to meet with insurmountable obstacles. Retail prices are being slashed, hours of work are being again extended, and reductions in hourly rates are already effective. As competitive conditions demand an ever-increasing expansion of these practices, we will return perhaps to less favorable conditions than those from which we have come. We know that code provisions have resulted in substantial changes in methods of production. Many devices have been adopted to offset whatever cost increases would have resulted under code operation. With a return to precode hours of work and rates of pay, it is obvious that unemployment will be far greater than we would have had before these new methods were adopted, and that wages will be far lower.

This brief inventory of our position today would seem to indicate that management is far better off than before the NRA, while wage earners, except where they have acquired the economic strength with which to protect their gains, are to lose rather than gain by the experiment. Management has developed new techniques of production and industry control by virtue of which all problems of industry can be far more effectively handled. But every indication points to the conclusion that conditions of work generally may be returned to levels no better than those which existed before.

There is one gain, however, which must not be overlooked. Management, labor, and the public at large have learned to think in different terms. There is an ever-increasing consciousness on the part of management that certain standards or ethics of business must be adopted and enforced universally if the recalcitrant minority is to be prevented from doing real damage to our economic machine.

The fundamental doctrine that power to produce and power to consume must be balanced is being given more and more attention. As for the workers of the country, they have learned that they are entitled to certain conditions, and they have learned to an increasing degree that they have a voice in that government which, in the long run, will determine what those conditions are to be.

What lies ahead? Can we, within the bounds of the Constitution, draft legislation which will carry us to the goal toward which we embarked in June, 1933? Must there be a change in our Constitution before the way will be cleared for social progress? The above questions will not be left unanswered. Are the people of this country not awakened as never before to the problems with which we are confronted and to the realization that we must take direct steps to find the solution?

THE END

A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON *Etiquette*

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

FORWARD

LAST year, in these learned pages, you may have read some articles entitled The Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette. The author, Miss Polly Truffles, a veteran of many Follies, Scandals, Vanities, and other small vices and verses, once again comes forth with words of wisdom, for those who can, to read. And if you can't read, you can always look at the pictures.

TRAVEL

TRAVEL includes every mode of transportation from a world tour to going up and down in an elevator. Somebody has said, He travels fastest who travels alone, a theory with which I disagree in part.

Now I believe it is best to set out alone, but a lady with a couple of eyes to the future may use them tactfully en route, to select a few distinguished companions who will prove helpful to her ultimate destination.

All you need is a few nicely proportioned traveler's checks, a couple of trunks full of smart clothes, and a good tweed coat. A tweed coat can make a lady of you almost at once. It gives you a rough-and-ready look—in a nice way, I mean. I leave it to your own ingenuity to assemble these articles, for you ought to be able to do at least that much without further suggestions from me.

So—you engage a nice cabin on one of the better floating places and you're practically off.

Your gentlemen friends are sure to come to the boat with a little something to remember them by—maybe a case of champagne, a few bottles of Scotch, or just a simple bottle of gin. A couple of big sissies will arrive with books. You can always give them to some nice deaf old lady on board—the one with the handsome young son.

Your stateroom is now full of these offerings, to say nothing of the gay aroma of salt-sea air and highballs. Your friends cram their way through the door, and occasionally a stranger or two staggers in. Let him stagger. What's a stranger or two among friends on a night like this?

I remember very well my initial (first, to you) trip

You arrange it so that one of the lads gets in

abroad. Things were hitting on all sixes and sevens when we suddenly noticed two perfectly strange men who had joined the party. Nobody knew where they came from, but where they were going was a matter of interest to me. Fortunately for me, our two young strangers happened to be passengers, and gentlemen of culture and refinement, to say nothing of being millionaires at the same time, a delightful combination—and as pleasant to take as a well mixed cocktail. Needless to say they made my trip all that it should have been, if not more. So *I* say, be kind to strangers. Once the boat is off, go in quest of your deck chair. The selection of this little parking place is very important. Take a brisk turn around the boat and give an eye to the little cards which are tucked in the deck chairs. When you come to a couple of names that have a sterling ring to them, stop. The deck steward, for a nominal smile and a nominal fee, can place you advantageously.

Say, then, that your companions of the deck chairs are really pretty good-looking numbers. All you have to do is meet them. This should be easy for a girl who is a pupil of my system. Do not perform any such obvious little trick such as letting your copy of Liberty fall from your lap. Any high-school girl would think up that one. You, being far more subtle, arrange it so that one of the lads gets in your way and spills his bouillon all over you. Arranging things in this manner makes it practically impossible for the gentleman not to speak to you—and in cases where one has not been introduced,

Miss Polly Truffles Comes Hilariously Back, Presenting the Lowdown on Travel —or, How to Be Good to the Last Stop

by DOROTHY DAY

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSEL PATTERSON

ur way and spills his bouillon all over you.

it is always the gentleman's place to speak first. Is he sorry! He's mortified. You take the whole thing as a joke, and you have made a friend.

Selecting your place in the dining room is also something to take particular pains about. Once around the friendly board and you're ready to address a few well-chosen remarks to the swanky-looking gentleman on your left. You say, Fancy, but would you believe it, this is my first trip abroad. I don't know a thing!

If he is the right kind of a gentleman for you he will argue that he wagers you know a thing or *two*, and if not, he is quite a professor. He knows Europe like an old shoe or something, and is just longing to show a dear little girl like you the things she ought, and ought not, to see. Well, before you can sing all the verses of Barnacle Bill the Sailor, you are strolling with him in the moonlight. No nice girl ever stays on deck with a gentleman after three o'clock. It's an old rule of the sea.

NOW you are practically in Europe, and you ought to have quite a nice assortment of friends to help you see the wrong places in the right way.

Now, suppose you only happen to be going from New York to Chicago. Don't, as a personal favor to me, take a drawing room. They may be all right for certain occasions, but for a lady traveling alone they do cut you off from your fellow passengers, and as you're a sociable girl, that wouldn't do.

You don't have to start to work until you are past a hundred and twenty-fifth street. By that time you should have your eye out for a suitable dinner companion. You look around at your fellow passengers. No sense wasting time around here. And for that reason I would suggest that you seek the observation platform. Every girl ought to take at least one good breath of fresh air each day, and now is the time.

You get a pretty good view of your fellow passengers en route through the cars. If you chance to pass an affluent-looking gentleman who is not too hard on the orbits, it isn't your fault that the train takes that opportunity to swerve around a curve, causing you to swerve your curves into the gentleman's lap. Are you embarrassed! Unless the gentleman is deaf and dumb, you may be sure that he will ask, Are you hurt? It's your ankle, you say—which, oddly enough, seems to be just below the kneecap. Your new boy friend will offer to help you to the observation car, and from then on, you are practically fed for the trip.

Friendships of this kind may be terminated at the end of the journey, unless, of course, it turns out that the young man happens to be the son of a wealthy pork packer, or even the son's father. If, however, you have made the fatal mistake of becoming acquainted with a traveling salesman in disguise, you'd better call it hail and farewell, and put the incident behind you.

MOTORING

IF a gentleman wants to take you for a little spin, as it used to be so quaintly termed, you could do worse. However, sometimes this species insists on lonely country roads for his Barney Oldfieldisms. If he keeps speeding, it's all right, but if he slows down the car and his pulse quickens, you have a Situation to cope with. But you can take it, if you follow my instructions.

I remember once when I was playing in the Varieties in New York, a gentleman who seemed interested in my health insisted that what I needed after a hard night of dancing in the show was a breath of fresh air. But once on a quiet country road in Westchester, he stopped the car, and proceeded to block off all the nice fresh air, substituting that variety of air generally known as "hot." I was even a Hebe (this is pronounced in two syllables and doesn't mean that he was referring to my nationality).

Well. fifty miles from New York is no time for a lady to get indignant. I started to exclaim about the beautiful fireflies rampant in a muddy field near by. I just must have a few of them for my very own. The gentleman got out, and went in search of my fireflies. By the time he returned, his ardor, to say nothing of his feet, was pretty damp, and as far as he was concerned I could go to—well, New York. So he stepped on the gas and we went there.

And now, I think we have covered most of the present-day means of locomotion. Trolley cars and subways are not for a lady of your ilk. You've got other ways of spending your hard-earned nickels.

Another lecture in this series will appear in an early issue.

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

● Tea talk with John Erskine, educator, music lover, lecturer, author of The Private Life of Helen of Troy, etc. He does the talking. Says:

"American women were happiest in the old frontier days because there was then no question about their being necessary. Women insist upon feeling necessary. The frontier women knew their men needed them to share the hard work and build big families. The frontier made its living by hand; little money was used. With progress came cash—men began giving their wives and daughters money to buy what was needed. Next the wives and daughters started demanding money as their privilege. For what? To spend on themselves. And although they didn't realize it, this unearned money made them feel unnecessary. So, to feel necessary again, they took up careers, social climbing, night life, and organized extravagance."

JOHN ERSKINE

It seems plain that John Erskine—authority on Eve, Queen Guinevere, Helen of Troy—thinks we females really belong in the home. Whether we agree with him or not, Mr. Erskine is one of our most attractive conversationalists. He is tall, gray-haired, long-faced, a distinguished scholar, and a born tease. For fun he hunts up goofy old state laws that are still legal though long forgotten.

In Colorado he found a law against trout fishing on horseback. In Indiana he found one against leading young ladies astray while teaching them to roller-skate.

● To their sorrow a wealthy young couple learned that they never could have children. The disability was hers. And from her came this strange proposition:

"I want to adopt a baby," she told her husband, "but I want to adopt *a child of yours.*"

Since they could have no child entirely of their own, she said she wanted to love one who would be at least half their own. Asked her husband to let her make the arrangements. At first he was shocked, reluctant. But her wish was quite obviously so deep and so sincere that at length he agreed.

With great care she approached an intelligent young woman of excellent but impoverished family. Offered this young woman $10,000 in advance, and a generous pension for life, if she would be the secret mother of the child.

I know some readers will say that the wife's idea was outrageously immoral. I won't attempt any opinion. I'm just telling you what happened. The girl accepted. She almost went through with it. In the end she backed out. Her reason was this:

"I might fall in love with your husband," she said, "in which case I never could give up the baby."

● Measured scientifically by numbers of noise decibels, the roar of Niagara Falls is only a little more deafening than the clatter of certain restaurants, and is hardly any noisier than a room full of gabby women.

This embarrassing fact has been proved now by research workers interested in quieting our loud world for us. They found Niagara booming out 95 decibels of noise, while restaurants during rush hours produce between 40 and 95 noise decibels. Then the scientists applied their tests to a room full of talking women. And—oh, shame on us—the score was 90 decibels!

● A true example of Parisian wit, lively and succinct, was uttered recently by Sacha Guitry, the great French actor, who has been visiting America again this spring. Some one asked him about a certain play of his. Guitry replied:

"In that play I have to make up to look old. My part in it calls for a man of my own age."

● Jellied bear's feet—*not* bare feet—make the finest galantine you ever tasted. Sort of like jellied calf's head, only more flavorous. The stewed hump of a camel is also delicately toothsome, though a bit stringy.

Knowledge of these culinary curiosities comes to me from Messrs. Charles Rochester, Louis Austerlitz, and Sutton—three hotel men who have dealt with gourmet appetites in many lands. Their camel-hump stew is a specialty of Zanzibar. The jellied bear's feet are native to northern Europe.

At a New York country club Mr. Austerlitz once tried broiled skunk, which two American sportsmen and an English guest ate with delight—but Mr. Austerlitz says he cannot recommend the dish personally.

It was Mr. Rochester and his cook who lately served a casserole made of antarctic seals brought home by Admiral Byrd's recent expedition.

● For a thoroughly up-to-date novel of married life, read Ursula Parrott's new book, Next Time We Live. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co.)

● Smart tricks of the season, my girl, now include putting your head in a noose. Your fashionable noose must be made of silk with big stripes, scarlet and black, white and gray, white and blue, etc. Cut a 12-inch strip on the bias, about 1¾ yards long. Sew the edges together, turn right side out, put two fasteners on the ends, twist twice round your neck, fasten behind.

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FRANK GODWIN

"Won't your face be red if this medico says the guy really burned to death?" said Paul Drake to Mason.

The CASE of the Caretaker's Cat

by ERLE

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

Death Rides with Perry Mason Again as the Trail of a Sinister Mystery Leads to a New, Smashing Surprise

BECAUSE Sam Laxter, one of the heirs of Peter Laxter, eccentric millionaire recently burned to death, threatens to poison his cat Clinker, the old caretaker, Charles Ashton, puts his case in the hands of the brilliant lawyer-sleuth, Perry Mason.

Espousing the cause of the cat leads to some strange discoveries. Shortly before the fire which razed his country house, Peter Laxter had changed his will, leaving everything to his two grandsons, Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, and cutting off his granddaughter Winifred, formerly his favorite. Also, the old fellow had converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash, which had fed the flames, or what? Suspiciously, too, Peter was the only one killed in the fire, though his three grandchildren, Mrs. Pixley, the housekeeper, Jim Brandon, the chauffeur, and Edith DeVoe, the millionaire's nurse, were there.

In answer to Mason's letter threatening to invalidate the will if the cat is harmed, Sam Laxter, Frank Oafley, and their shyster lawyer, Nathaniel Smith, call on him. They have come to say that if Winifred Laxter and Caretaker Ashton will sign a statement that old Peter was sane and his will valid, the life of the cat is safe.

With Detective Paul Drake, Mason runs down Winifred in her waffle shop. But already Smith has had her sign a paper! Her sweetheart, Douglas Keene, throws suspicion on Edith DeVoe and mentions some mysterious Koltsdorf diamonds. . . .

Drake discovers that Ashton has access to what is evidently a rich deposit-box. Close questioning of Edith DeVoe

STANLEY GARDNER

reveals that she saw Sam Laxter, drunk at the wheel of his car, pumping carbon monoxide gas into the furnace pipe of the house, the night of the fire! But when Mason tells Caretaker Ashton that he is ready to take Sam Laxter to the district attorney, Ashton is much upset—evidently frightened.

PART THREE—THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

HAMILTON BURGER, the district attorney, was broad of shoulder, thick of neck, and, when he moved, his arms had that peculiar swinging rhythm which speaks for a network of perfectly co-ordinated muscles.

"You know, Mason," he said, "I'm anxious to co-operate with you whenever co-operation is possible. I've told you before, and I'll tell you again, that I've a horror of prosecuting an innocent man; but I'll also tell you that I don't like to have any one use me for a cat's-paw."

Mason sat silent. Paul Drake, sprawling in a chair, managed to look bored.

"On that last case we tried I was willing to co-operate with you, but you slipped something over on me," Burger charged.

"I didn't slip anything over on you," Mason told him. "You never would believe me when I told you I didn't know where that witness was."

Burger started pacing the floor, his manner nervous. He flung his head around in a half turn as a bear might sniff the wind, and said, "If the people in my office thought that I was going to act on information you had given me, they'd think you were making a cat's-paw of me."

"That," Mason retorted, "is the reason I came to you personally instead of going to your assistants. I'm not asking favors. I'm giving you an opportunity. You can take it or leave it. I'm interested in this thing because of a cat; and, if you want to know, I'm making exactly ten dollars as a fee."

Burger pulled a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, tore at the end of it with his teeth, scraped a match along the

bricks of the fireplace, and puffed the cigar into smoke. He sighed and said, "All right. Dr. Jason happens to be visiting me this evening. I'm going to call him in."

Perry Mason lit a cigarette.

"Excuse me just a moment," Burger said. "I'll call Dr. Jason, and I'll telephone Tom Glassman, my chief investigator, and have him come up right away."

As the door closed behind the district attorney, Paul Drake rolled his expressionless eyes toward Perry Mason. The detective's face was wearing its habitual expression of droll humor. "I notice you didn't tell him anything about the peculiar and sudden rise to affluence of your client, Charles Ashton."

"I'm only concerned with reporting such facts as may point to a murder," Mason remarked.

The door of the room opened upon Dr. Jason, a tall, rather thin man with brown eyes which were unusually piercing.

"Good evening, Mason," he said. "I don't think I know Mr. Drake."

Drake slowly doubled up his knees, arose from the chair, and extended a languid hand.

"Glad to know you, doctor," he said. "I've heard a lot about you from Perry Mason."

District Attorney Burger, indicating chairs, puffed nervously on his cigar. "Doctor," he said, "I have a problem. A house burns; a man's body is found. Apparently he has burned to death in his bed. There was no suggestion of anything sinister in that death. Now, then, witnesses appear who can testify that a man, who might have profited very materially by the death of this person, was in a garage with a flexible tube running from the exhaust pipe of his automobile to a hole cut in the pipe of a hot air furnace which led to this man's room. The fire may well have been of incendiary origin. Is it possible that sufficient carbon monoxide gas could have been introduced into the room in this way to have brought about the man's death?"

"Quite readily possible," Dr. Jason admitted, his eyes shifting from Drake to Mason.

"The man would have died in his sleep?"

"It is very likely. Carbon monoxide is a very insidious poison."

"How could you tell if a person died of carbon monoxide poisoning?"

"There are several methods. One of the most usual is to notice the color of the blood. It is a bright cherry-red."

"And if a person was burned to death, could you detect the presence of carbon monoxide?"

"Wait a minute," Dr. Jason said slowly. "You're overlooking something. If a person burned to death, we would have every reason to expect that carbon monoxide would be present in his lungs. In fact it might well be that the person had suffocated from monoxide incidental to the fire."

"IN that case, doctor, would it be possible to tell from an examination of the body whether the man had been murdered by this method before the house was fired?"

Dr. Jason nodded slowly. "I think," he said to Hamilton Burger, "that we could tell from an inspection of the body. It would of course depend somewhat upon the condition of the body after the fire. I would say that it would be quite possible to make this determination. Blisters, which are formed by heat when the tissues are able to react, usually vary greatly from evidences of heat when applied after death."

Burger got to his feet with a peculiar lunging motion, as though about to charge some obstacle. "Well," he said, "if we're going to tackle this thing, we may as well make a good job of it. I'll get an order to exhume the body." . . .

Rain seeped silently down from the midnight sky, dripped in mournful cadences from the glistening leaves of the trees, gave forth hissing noises as the drops struck against the hot hoods of the gasoline lanterns which illuminated a grassy slope studded with marble headstones.

There was no wind.

Hamilton Burger, a big overcoat covering his broad shoulders, the wide collar turned up about his ears, was plainly impatient. "Can't you fellows speed it up a little bit?" he asked.

One of the shovelers cast him a resentful glance. "We're almost there."

A moment later the blade of one of the shovels gave forth a peculiar sound as it struck something solid.

Perry Mason lit a cigarette and stamped his soggy shoes. Paul Drake, sidling up to him, said, "Won't your face be red if the medico says the guy really burned to death?"

Mason shook his head impatiently.

"All I did was to report facts. Personally, I think they're going at this thing backwards. If they'd get Edith DeVoe and then drag Sam Laxter in for questioning they'd stand more chance of getting somewhere."

"Yeah," Drake said, "but then Burger would be out in the open investigating Peter Laxter's death. He's afraid that's just what you want him to do, so he'll sort of sneak up on the case from the back way and convince himself he's got a case before he makes any overt moves."

TOM GLASSMAN, chief investigator for the district attorney, blew his nose. "What's good to keep from taking cold at a time like this, doc?" he asked.

Dr. Jason said unsympathetically, "Staying in a warm bed. They *would* have to pick a rainy night to do this. The man's been buried for weeks, but no one takes any interest in him until it starts to rain."

"Bring out that coil of rope," one of the men in the grave ordered, "and get ready to pull. We can get the rope around the handles now."

A few moments later the coffin reached the surface. Boards were shoved under it. Then the coffin slid along the wet, muddy boards until it rested on the firm ground.

One of the men produced a cloth and wiped the soil from the top of the coffin. A screw driver made its appearance. After a moment the lid of the coffin was swung back and a voice said, "Okay, doc, it's all yours."

Dr. Jason stepped forward, leaned over. His pocket flashlight illuminated the interior of the coffin.

"It's going to be hard to tell. The man's been burned to a crisp. I'll have to look for some place where clothing protected the skin somewhat."

"How about monoxide?"

"No need testing for that. It would be present anyway."

"Well, can you make your examination right here?"

"It would be difficult, and the conclusion wouldn't be final."

"Can you make a good guess?"

Dr. Jason dropped the lid back into position. "Go ahead with your investigation," he said.

Hamilton Burger stood staring moodily down at the coffin, then he nodded, and turned on his heel. "Okay," he said. "Let's go. You ride with us, Mason. Paul Drake can follow in your car. You take charge of the body, doctor."

Mason followed Burger to the district attorney's car. Tom Glassman drove. The men were grimly silent.

"Going out to Laxter's place?" Mason asked at length.

"Yes," Burger answered, "up to the place where they're living now—the city house, I believe they call it. I want to ask some questions."

"Going to make any accusations?" Mason inquired.

"I'm going to ask some pretty direct questions," Burger admitted. "I don't think I'll make any definite accusations. I don't want to divulge just what we're trying to get at until I'm ready to do so. I'm not going to ask anything about the tube which ran from the exhaust until

after I've laid a pretty good foundation. I think it would be better, Mason, if you and your detective weren't present when we asked the questions."

"Well," Mason said, "if you feel that we've done all we can, I know where there's a nice soft bed, a piping hot toddy, and—"

"Not yet," Burger interrupted. "You've started this thing, and you're going to stick around until we see whether we've drawn a blank."

The car made time through the deserted streets, climbed a winding road which ran up a hill. "That's the place up there," Burger announced, "—the big place. Try not to use a flashlight unless you have to, Tom. I'd like to get a look in that garage before we alarm any one."

Glassman eased the car in close to the curb, stopped it, and shut off the motor.

"Got skeleton keys?" Burger asked.

"Sure," Glassman said.

"I'd like to look inside that garage."

Glassman climbed out into the rain and turned a flashlight on the padlock which held the garage doors. After a moment he nodded to Burger and pulled back the sliding door of the garage.

There were three cars in the garage. Glassman's flashlight flickered over them in turn. Mason stared with narrowed eyes at a new green sedan.

Glassman's flashlight explored the registration certificates. "This one's in the name of Samuel C. Laxter," he said, indicating a coupé with spare tires mounted in fender wells on either side. It was a powerful low-hung car of glistening enamel and chromium steel.

"Sure built for speed," Burger muttered. "Turn your flashlight down here on the muffler, Tom."

Glassman swung the beam from his flashlight to the exhaust pipe, and Burger bent over to examine it. He nodded slowly. "Something's been clamped around here," he said.

"Well, let's go have a talk with Mr. Samuel Laxter and see what he has to say for himself," Glassman suggested.

PERRY MASON leaned nonchalantly against the side of the garage. "Of course, I don't want to interfere, but there's just a possibility you might find that flexible tubing if you looked hard enough."

"Where?" Burger asked.

"Some place in the car."

"What makes you think it's there?"

"The fire," Mason pointed out, "originated at a point in or near Laxter's bedroom. The garage was some little distance from that. They managed to save the automobiles that were in the garage. That bit of flexible tubing was a damaging piece of evidence which Laxter wouldn't ordinarily have left where it could be discovered."

Glassman, without enthusiasm, pulled the trigger which raised the back of the rumble seat, climbed into the car, and started exploring.

"There's a compartment here that's locked," Burger pointed out.

"For golf clubs," Glassman explained.

"See if one of your keys will fit it."

Glassman tried his keys one after another, then shook his head.

"See if you can't pull that piece out in the back of the front seat and see down into it."

The car springs swayed as Glassman's heavy body moved around. Then he said in a muffled voice, "There's something down here that looks like a long vacuum-sweeper tube."

"Jimmy the door open," Burger ordered, his voice showing excitement. "Let's take a look."

GLASSMAN pried the lock, reached in his hand, and pulled out some twelve feet of flexible tubing. On one end were two adjustable bands which tightened with bolts and nuts. The other end contained a mushroomlike opening of soft rubber.

"Well," Burger said, "we'll get Laxter out of bed."

The big house sat well up on a hill. The garage was some distance from the house, having been excavated from the earth. Cement steps led up to a graveled walk. A private driveway from the garage swung up a more gentle incline and circled the house, serving both as a driveway by which cars might be brought to the front door as well as a service road by which fuel and supplies might be delivered to the back of the house.

The men climbed the stairs, moving silently in a compact group. At the top of the stairs, Burger paused. "Listen," he said, "what's that?"

From the misty darkness came the sound of a metallic clink, and a moment later it was followed by a peculiar scraping noise.

Mason said in a low voice, "That's the noise made by a spade striking a loose rock."

Burger muttered, "By George, you're right!"

The graveled walk crunched underfoot. Glassman muttered, "We can do better on the grass," and pushed over to the side of the walk. The others followed him. They were able to move forward in complete silence.

There were lights in the house which showed ribbons of illumination around the edges of the windows. The man who was digging kept plugging away.

"From behind that big vine," Glassman said.

The vine was agitated by a weight thrust against it. Drops of rain cascaded down from the leaves.

The shovel made more noise.

"Scraping dirt back to fill up the hole," Mason remarked.

The beam from Glassman's flashlight stabbed through the darkness.

A startled figure jumped back and thrashed about in the vine, which, under the illumination of Glassman's

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flashlight, resolved itself into a climbing rosebush. Glassman said, "Come out, and be careful with your hands. This is the Law."

As the figure broke through the vine, Perry Mason said to Burger, "It's Frank Oafley."

Burger moved forward. "What's your name?" he asked.

"I'm Oafley—Frank Oafley. I'm one of the owners of this place. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"We're conducting a little inquiry," Burger said. "I'm the district attorney. This is Tom Glassman, my associate. What were you digging for?"

Oafley grunted, pulled a telegram from his pocket, and held it out to the district attorney. The beam of the flashlight illuminated the telegram, a torn coat sleeve, a scratched dirt-covered hand.

"You frightened me with that flashlight," he said.

The four men paid no attention to him, but studied the telegram, which read:

THE KOLTSDORF DIAMONDS ARE HIDDEN IN ASHTON'S CRUTCH. MORE THAN HALF OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S MONEY IS BURIED JUST UNDER THE LIBRARY WINDOW WHERE THE CLIMBING ROSEBUSH STARTS UP THE TRELLIS WORK. THE SPOT IS MARKED BY A LITTLE STICK STUCK IN THE GROUND. IT ISNT BURIED DEEP NOT OVER A FEW INCHES.

The telegram was signed simply, "A Friend."

Glassman said in a low voice, "Looks like a genuine telegram."

"What did you find—anything?" Burger asked.

Oafley, stepping forward to answer him, caught sight of Mason for the first time. He stiffened and said, "What's this man doing here?"

"He's here at my request," Burger said. "He's representing Charles Ashton, the caretaker. I had some questions I wanted to ask Ashton, and I wanted Mason to be along. Did you find anything where you were digging?"

"I found the stick," Oafley said, pulling a small stake from his pocket. "That was sticking in the ground. I dug clean through the loam and down to gravel. There wasn't anything there."

"Who sent the telegram?"

"You can search me."

Burger said in a low voice to Glassman, "Tom, take the key number of that message, get on the telephone, and have the telegraph company dig up the original. Find out all you can about it. Get the address of the sender."

"Did you come out because of that telegram?" Oafley asked.

"We came out in connection with another matter," Burger said. "Where's Sam Laxter?"

OAFLEY seemed suddenly nervous. "He's out. What did you want to see him about?"

"We want to ask him some questions."

Oafley hesitated for a moment, then said slowly, "Have you been talking with Edith DeVoe?"

"No," Burger said, "*I* haven't."

Mason stared steadily at Oafley. "*I* have," he said.

"I knew *you* had," Oafley told him. "It's a wonder you wouldn't mind your own business."

"That'll do from you," Burger said. "Come on in the house. What's this about the Koltsdorf diamonds being hidden in Ashton's crutch?"

"You know just as much about it as I do," Oafley said sullenly.

"Where is Sam?"

"I don't know—out on a date I guess."

"Okay," Burger said. "Let us in."

They climbed up to the tiled porch. Oafley produced a bunch of keys and opened the door. "If you'll excuse me a minute, I'll wash some of this mud off and slip on another suit of clothes."

"Wait a minute," Glassman said. "There's half a million bucks involved, buddy. We aren't doubting your word any, but we'd better frisk you and see—"

"Glassman," Burger warned, "Mr. Oafley isn't to be handled that way."

Oafley's face was sullen. "Go ahead," he said.

They searched him.

Burger nodded his satisfaction. "It's just a check," he said, "on the situation."

"May I go get my clothes changed now?"

Burger slowly shook his head. "Better not. Better sit down and wait. You'll dry out quickly."

Oafley sighed. "Well," he said, "let's have about four fingers of whisky apiece. You look as though you chaps might have been out in the rain. Bourbon, rye, or Scotch?"

"Whichever you come to first," Mason said, "just so long as it's whisky."

Oafley flashed him a speculative glance, rang a bell.

A man with a livid scar across his right cheekbone, which gave to his face a peculiar expression of leering triumph, appeared in a doorway.

"BRING some whisky, James. Bring some Scotch and soda and some of the Bourbon."

The man nodded, withdrew.

"Jim Brandon," Oafley said in an explanatory tone. "He acts both as chauffeur and butler."

"How was he hurt?" Burger inquired.

"Automobile accident, I believe. You're Mr. Burger, the district attorney?"

"Yes."

Oafley said slowly, "I'm sorry that Edith DeVoe said what she did."

"Why?"

"Because that fire wasn't started by the fumes from an automobile exhaust. It's impossible on the face of it."

Glassman said, "Where's your telephone?"

"There in the hallway. I'll show you—"

"Never mind. I'll find it all right."

Burger said, "Did you ever hear of carbon monoxide poisoning, Mr. Oafley?"

"Of course I have."

"Do you know that carbon monoxide is generated by an automobile engine when it's running?"

"But what's carbon monoxide got to do with it? It isn't an inflammable gas, is it?"

"It's a deadly gas."

Something in the grim finality of Burger's voice sent Oafley's eyebrows arching.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean that—Why, it's unthinkable!—Why, I can't believe—"

"Mr. Oafley, we want certain information. We stopped in the garage on the way up and looked through Sam Laxter's machine. We found a long, flexible tube."

"Yes, Edith said she saw it quite distinctly."

"Just where is Sam Laxter now?"

"I don't know. He went out."

"How did he go out? His car's in the garage."

"Yes," Oafley said, "*his* car is. He didn't want to take it out and get it wet. The chauffeur drove him uptown in the green sedan, then brought it back. I don't know how Sam will come back, unless the chevvy is uptown somewhere."

"The chevvy?"

"Yes. It's a service car. Ashton usually drives it. We keep it for hauling things and running errands."

"You have a car?" Burger asked.

"Yes, the phaeton in the garage is mine."

"And the big green sedan?"

"That's the car my grandfather bought shortly before his death."

"The cars were saved because the fire was started at some point removed from the garage?"

"It must have been started near grandfather's bedroom."

"Have you any ideas as to how it was started?"

" Not one. Look here, Mr. Burger, I would much prefer that you talked with Sam about this. My position is rather delicate. After all, Sam's related to me. Frankly, I had heard Edith DeVoe's story before, but I hadn't given it any attention."

Glassman entered. " It's a genuine telegram all right. It was telephoned in. It was to be signed ' A Friend,' but the telephone number of the sender was Exposition 6-2398. The phone's listed under the name of Winnie's Waffle Kitchen."

Mason got to his feet and said, " Baloney! "

" That will do, Mason," Burger told him. " You keep out of this."

" Like hell I will," Mason retorted. " You can't boss me, Burger. Winifred Laxter never sent that telegram."

Oafley stared at Tom Glassman. " Why," he said, " Winnie wouldn't send a telegram like that. There's some mistake."

Mason exploded. " It's a cinch to send a telegram over the telephone in some one else's name."

There was a moment of silence. The noise of an automobile engine could be heard as a car climbed the incline. Headlights flashed for a moment against the window, then a horn blared its imperative summons. Jim Brandon, entering the room with a tray on which were whiskies and glasses, also siphons of soda, hurriedly set the tray down and started for the door as the horn blared again.

" That's Master Sam," he said.

Burger caught the man's sleeve. " Don't be in too big a hurry," he suggested.

GLASSMAN strode through the corridor, jerked open the front door just as the horn sounded again. " Go on out, Jim," he said, " and see what's wanted."

Jim Brandon switched on a porch light, stepped out to the porch. Sam Laxter called, " Jim, I've had a bit of an accident. You come and put the car away."

Burger pulled aside some drapes. The brilliant light from the porch illuminated a somewhat antiquated car with a broken windshield, a dented fender, and smashed bumper. Sam Laxter was climbing from the driver's seat. His face was cut. His right arm was bandaged with a bloody handkerchief.

Burger started for the door. Before he reached it, headlights again illuminated the drizzling night. A smoothly purring automobile swung into view, circled the driveway, and came to a stop. The door of a big sedan opened. A wiry figure jumped to the driveway, turned, and ran excitedly toward the house, saw Sam Laxter, and came to a surprised stop.

Perry Mason chuckled and said to Burger, " We have with us none other than our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Nathaniel Smith."

Burger, muttering an exclamation of disgust, strode to the porch.

Smith was calling, " Have you

"I See Plenty of Wrecks But Blow-out Accidents Turn My Blood Cold"

says **WILLIAM J. BRADLEY,** *Head Orderly, Record Ambulance Service of the Oranges, N. J.*

Get Real Blow-Out Protection — FREE!

"YOU can't be a 'softy' on a job like mine," WILLIAM J. BRADLEY says. "You have to look at suffering and accidents and be hard-boiled about them. Somehow or other, though, when I hear it's a blow-out accident . . . and there are many of them . . . my blood turns cold. Take my word for it, if you saw one bad blow-out accident, you'd never gamble on tires."

If you could only get some kind of a signal when a blow-out is coming. But you can't. At today's high speeds the *inside* of the tire gets as hot as an oven. You can't see it—but the rubber starts to separate from the fabric. A blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out!

How you're protected

That's why thousands of motorists welcomed the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This specially-treated Goodrich compound resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. High-speed blow-outs simply don't get a start.

On the outside, too, Goodrich Silvertowns have another safety feature—a sure-footed, deep-grooved tread. Go to your Goodrich dealer. Press your hand down on the tread and feel its big husky cleats *grip*. Then you'll realize why Silvertowns also protect you from dangerous "tail-spin" skids and give you months of trouble-free extra mileage.

No extra cost

Remember this—Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns are safety checks against car wrecks—They save you the cost of a crash — THEY MAY EVEN SAVE YOUR LIFE. Yet they cost not a penny more than other standards tires. It pays to play safe. Put Goodrich Silvertowns on your car . . . quick!

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 489, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

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The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

heard about it? Do you know what they're doing? Do you know what happened? They got an order to dig up your grandfather's body. They went out in the cemetery and dug it up."

Sam Laxter's bloodstained countenance showed surprised consternation. Frank Oafley, standing near Burger, said, "What the devil's this?"

"I just found out about the order. I've made an investigation. They dug the body up already. Do you want me to take legal steps to—"

He caught sight of Burger's figure standing in the light of the porch.

"Come in, Smith," Burger said.

Rain glistened on Sam Laxter's face. The cut on his cheek dripped blood, unheeded. His lips were writhing with emotion. "What's the big idea?" he asked.

"I'm just making an investigation," Burger said, "and I wanted to ask you a few questions. Any objection?"

"Certainly not," Laxter replied.

"Don't be foolish," Smith screamed. "It's not an investigation by the district attorney; it's stirred up by that busybody, Mason. It's all over this damn cat. Don't answer them. Don't answer anything. The first thing you know, you'll be outside in the cold, and then what? All your inheritance gone. Mason sitting in the saddle. Winifred inheriting your property. The cat laughing—"

"Shut up, Smith," Burger said. "I'm going to talk with Sam Laxter, and I'm going to talk with him without having to put up with a lot of your insane interruptions. Come in the house, Laxter. Do you need a doctor to dress those wounds?"

"I don't think so," Laxter said. "I skidded and hit a telephone pole. It shook me up a bit and I've got a bad cut on the right forearm, but I think it only needs washing with a good antiseptic and a clean bandage."

Smith ran toward him. "Please!" he said. "I beg of you! I implore you! Don't do it!"

"Shut up," Burger said once more, taking Sam's arm as Sam walked up the steps toward him.

Laxter and Burger entered the house, closely followed by Glassman. Smith slowly climbed the stairs, moving like an old man whose every step was an effort.

Mason watched the three men cross the living room and disappear through a door. He entered the living room and sat down. Drake pulled a cigarette from his pocket, sat crosswise on an overstuffed chair, and said, "Well, that's that." Jim Brandon stood in the doorway and said to Smith, "I don't know if you're supposed to come in or not."

"Don't be silly," Smith told him, and then lowered his voice, saying something which was inaudible to Mason and the detective. Brandon also lowered his voice.

The telephone rang repeatedly. After several minutes a fat woman with sleep-swollen eyes came shuffling down the corridor, wrapping a bathrobe about her. She picked up the telephone, said "Hello" in a drowsy uncordial voice, then, her face showing surprise, she said, "Oh, yes, Miss Winifred. . . . Why, I could call him. He's asleep, of course. . . . Tell him to have Mr. Mason call you at once at—"

PERRY MASON crossed toward the telephone. "If that's some one asking for Mr. Mason," he said, "I'm here and will talk on the telephone."

The woman handed him the receiver.

Mason said, "Hello," and heard Winifred's voice, sounding hysterical with excitement. "Thank God, I was able to reach you. I didn't know where to get you, so I called for Ashton to leave a message for you. Something terrible has happened. You must come at once."

Mason's voice was guarded. "I'm occupied here at present. Could you tell me generally what has happened?"

"I don't know, but Douglas is in serious trouble—you know Douglas, you met him—Douglas Keene."

"And what has happened to him?"

"I don't know, but I must see you at once."

"I'll leave here," Mason told her, "within ten minutes. Where will I find you?"

"I'll be at the waffle place. There won't be any lights on—just open the door and come in."

Mason hung up the receiver as Smith, leaving Brandon at the door, crossed the hallway with quick, nervous strides. He grabbed the lapel of Mason's coat.

"You can't do it!" he said. "You can't get away with it! It's outrageous. I'll have you brought up before the grievance committee. It's pettifogging."

Mason placed the flat of his hand against the man's chest, pushed him out at arm's length.

Smith jumped about as excitedly as a terrier barking at a steer. "You knew you couldn't break the will; that will is as good as gold. So what did you do? You started in trying to frame up a murder charge on my clients. You can't make it stick! You—"

HE broke off as District Attorney Burger, accompanied by Tom Glassman, re-entered the room. Burger's features were puzzled. "Mason," he said, "do you know anything about diamonds your client Ashton has?"

Mason shook his head. "We can ask him," he said.

"I think we want to talk with him," Burger said. "Apparently he's mixed up in this thing."

Mason nodded.

Smith said, "A damned outrage! A frame-up! Mason cooked this up in order to bust the will."

"Do you wish to call the caretaker?" the flabby woman in the wrapper asked, as Oafley, in bathrobe and slippers, shuffled into the room.

"Who are you?" Burger inquired.

"The housekeeper," Oafley interposed. "Mrs. Pixley."

"I think we'll go and interview the caretaker without giving him previous notice," Burger announced.

"Look here," Mason said. "Don't you think it would be fair to let me know just what it is you're after?"

"Come along," Burger said, "and you'll find out, but don't interrupt to ask any questions or give any advice." He turned to Mrs. Pixley. "Show us the way."

The woman moved along the hallway, her bedroom slippers slopping against her heels as she walked. Drake fell into step beside Perry Mason. Oafley dropped behind, for a word with Smith. Burger held Sam Laxter's arm.

"Funny-looking character—the housekeeper," Drake remarked in a low voice. "All soft except her mouth, and it's hard enough to make up for everything."

"Underneath that softness," Mason said, his eyes appraising the woman's figure, "is a great deal of strength. Her muscles are incased in fat, but she's plenty husky. Notice the way she carries herself."

The woman led the way down a flight of stairs to a basement. She opened a door, crossed a cement floor, paused before another door, and said, "Shall I knock?"

"Not unless it's locked," Burger told her.

She turned the knob of the door and stepped to one side, pushing open the door.

Mason couldn't see the interior of the room but he could see her face. He saw light from the inside of the room strike her features. He saw the flabby flesh of her face freeze in an expression of wild terror. He saw the hard lips sag open, and then heard her scream.

Burger sprang forward. The housekeeper swayed, flung up her hands, and slid to the floor. Glassman jumped through the door, into the caretaker's room. Oafley caught the housekeeper by the armpits. "Steady," he said. "Take it easy. What's the trouble?"

Mason pushed past them, into the room.

Charles Ashton's bed was by an open window in the basement. The window opened almost directly at street level. It had been propped open with a stick, the opening being some four or five inches.

Directly beneath the window was the bed. On its white counterpane was a series of muddy cat tracks, and on the pillow as well.

Lying in the bed was the dead body of Charles Ashton. It needed but one look at the bulging eyes and protruding tongue to enable these experts in homicide to realize the manner in which the man had died.

It will be remembered that the poor old caretaker was anxious to see and talk with Perry Mason this very night of his death. What was he going to reveal? And who stopped his mouth forever? Read the next issue of Liberty for astounding consequences.

SET NO. 8
LIBERTY'S
$5,000
CASH PRIZE
GAME
OF FAMOUS
AMERICANS

THREE more of Liberty's famous Americans bespeak your recognition in the composites at the left. When you have solved them and completed your identifications there will be but two more sets of composites, six pictures in all, remaining to round out your contest entry.

Probably you are already planning your presentation. In that case it cannot be emphasized too strongly that elaboration and decoration are not required. The rules specifically state that simplicity is best. Neatness will count, but neatness does not mean ornamentation. It is better to spend any extra time at your disposal in checking the accuracy of your identifications.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET NINE OF THESE COMPOSITES APPEARS NEXT WEEK

Vox Pop

YOUR SHORTEST SHORTS

MANY Vox Poppers tell us that they like short shorts. We like them too. But we have often wondered why they have to be as *long* as they are.

Why not a few shortest shorts? A pretty complete story can be told in a nutshell. We remember one that is supposed to be a masterpiece in twelve words. Here it is:

Algy met a bear.
The bear was bulgy.
The bulge was Algy.

Perhaps some of our word-loving fans would like to compete in this shortest short game with us for the fun of it. If so, let's go!—VOX POP EDITOR.

HOW TALL IS A FIG TREE?

PARLIER, CALIF.—Mr. J. N. Steed in Vox Pop of April 13 stated, "According to the best authorities in the world, there never grew, at any time in the world's history, a fig tree over eighteen feet high."

Now that is some assertion, and the

picture post card I am sending you should enlighten him. This shows a fig tree in this city that is thirty-five feet high, with a spread of eighty feet.—*Fred Jenner.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—As for mere eighteen-foot midgets being the tallest in the history of fig trees, poof-poof to you, J. N. Steed! You ain't seen or heard nothin' yet.

Down in Stanislaus County, California, there is a fig tree that in 1913 was eighty feet tall, and probably has added feet upon feet to it these past twenty-two years.

Also across our beloved Sacramento River, near the Coast Range foothills, are some that are all of seventy feet tall. I know, as I used to live there.—*Mrs. E. W. Murphey.*

[Among our other fig-tree defenders were: Frank T. Alkire, Phoenix, Ariz.; L. G. Brazier, Seattle, Wash.; Henry Burrows, Stockton, Calif.; A. M. Boutselle, San Leandro, Calif.; Mary P. Bailey, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. P. J. Chili, Palo Alto, Calif.; W. B. Craig, Corpus Christi, Tex.; N. W. Curson, Richardson Springs, Calif.; H. S. L. Davis, Orange City, Fla.; John Dexter, Vallejo, Calif.; Frances C. Dragoo, Lodi, Calif.; K. Davis, Asheville, N. C.; I. M. Fickas, Oakland, Calif.; J. W. Files, Fresno, Calif.; Eugene Hurd, Auburn, Calif.; Harry Isurunis, Joliet, Ill.; Dr. P. A. Mullikin, Los Angeles, Calif.; S. Sorbarn, Jr., Guelph, Ont.; Helen M. Streib, Oakland, Calif.; George Wallace, Revere, Mass.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

GRASSHOPPER IN EACH PINT

SPIRIT LAKE, IA.—In May 4 Liberty A. J. Kline sent a sure-fire remedy for hiccups to the cider squeezers. If they would use my home-brew recipe they would never have the hiccups. Here it is—try it:

Chase a bullfrog 3 miles and gather up the hops. To the hops add the following: 10 gallons tanbark, ½ pint shellac, 1 bar homemade soap.

Boil mixture 36 hours, then strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Then bottle and add a grasshopper to each pint to give it the kick.—*V. Pollard.*

"STICK 'EM UP" CHILDREN

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA. — Talking about ways to prevent crime, it would be a good idea to go down to the root of the evil. For instance, in our cities and towns small children of primary-school age and even younger play murder and holdups on the streets with all kinds of toy pistols. I have even seen real pistols in the hands of youngsters, which were pointed at persons, with the command, "Stick 'em up!" It's just play, but bad for small children and a good start to become criminals.—*Fred Reynolds.*

TEACHERS OVERRATED?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—In press and on platform our schools are constantly criticized. Even President Roosevelt in a campaign speech called attention to their shortcomings. Many others have done so much more forcibly. What good does it do? Who pays any attention?

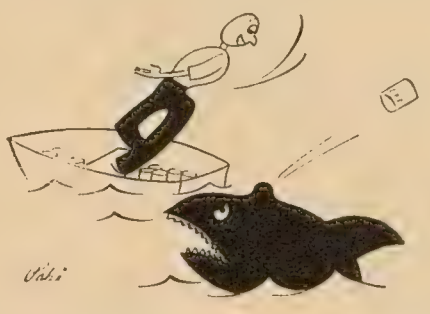
I've been in school work for fifty years in several states from Pennsylvania to Montana, and know from the inside what conditions are and how impossible it is to get needed reforms without a real *system.* That is the big outstanding need of the day.

Teachers are banded together for self-defense and self-glorification, so what chance have the unorganized critics? Teachers are the most overrated class in the land. As a superintendent my chief difficulty was in getting efficient teachers.

Inefficiency is rampant. Must it remain so? I'd like to see Liberty attack the problem—and keep pounding.—*J. K. Ellwood.*

MORTIFIED SHARKS

ABOARD M. S. ATLANTIC, AT SEA—Anchored in Wafer Bay, Cocos Island (lat. 5° 33′ N., long. 87° .01′ W.), famed hangout of old-time buccaneers and modern treasure hunters, I was wholly



immersed in Resting Easily (Liberty, March 23). On page 28 I read with fevered interest that author Frank Leon Smith "claims to be the one man who ever hit a live shark on the head with a water tumbler."

Now, I'm just like that with the sharks myself; I've been a shark-walloper these many moons, up and down the rolling Pacific from below the Galápagos. Alarmed lest my amateur standing as a shark-hitter-on-the-nose might be jeopardized, I stepped out on deck, walked aft, peered over the stern and deep into the quiet blue water. Then I seized three or four fresh tuna heads lying happily at hand, and cast the bloody dainties upon the still waters.

In five seconds a baker's dozen or so of hungry and admiring sharks were churning the surface; big fellows, milling about. Cool of brow, steady of hand, I smacked one squarely on the tip of his protruding brown schnozzle with a water tumbler! Then rapidly, very rapidly, I gave another the old one-two, first with a coffee mug, then with a catsup bottle. Those sharks, no doubt, were mortified. Author Smith must now look to his laurels!—*Gurden Backus Edwards.*

EDITORIAL

DETROIT, MICH.—Welfare and income taxes keep labor and capital from going to work. Ask Mr. Macfadden to write an editorial on this. *It's important.—R. C. Carter.*

DIVORCE INSURANCE

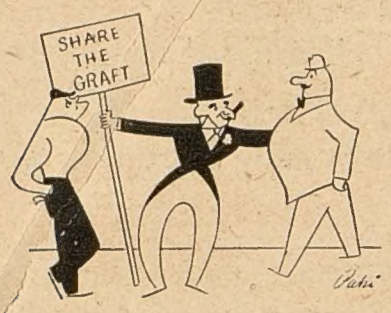
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—To give the depression subject a rest, how about inventing something to discuss? Has anybody thought of divorce insurance? It seems there are all kinds of insurance, so why not consider divorce insurance?

When life becomes unbearable in the matrimonial yoke—the insurance company pays for the divorce—have the knot cut at the right time, so as to pre-

vent unnecessary heartaches as well as children brought into the world to parents who are unfit or unwilling to have the responsibility of their support or upbringing.—*Ida E. Barol.*

SHARE-THE-GRAFT PARTY

NEWARK, N. J.—I have been telling the boys and girls in my neighborhood that I am organizing a new political party and everybody is enthusiastic about it. The party will be known as the Share-the-Graft Party. It will be



an absolutely honest party—the *only* honest party in fact, because we are going to admit that there is going to be graft, and a lot of it, but we are going to *share* that graft with all members of the party. What could be more honest?

All graft cards will be marked and placed face upward on the table.

If the "grahftsfurore" (meaning leader, which name will probably be used instead of president) makes $1,000,000 a week, which he should to maintain absolute honesty throughout, such facts will be given thorough publicity in the "Grahftsblatt"—which is the name that will probably be given to the national newspaper.

How about you, brother? And you, sister? You are opposed to dishonest graft, aren't you? Won't you join with us and help clean things up? Talk it up at home, at your club, with your friends, and have your minister expound it from the pulpit.—*W. F. Schaphorst.*

of immoralness, the scanty modernistic dress of children."

I say, the sooner we become accustomed to the human body in a seminude if not nude state, the sooner will immorality decrease.—*Indignant Co-Ed.*

GOOD SHOT GONE WIDE?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In Liberty for May 18 Bernarr Macfadden proposes Fascism to safeguard "our capitalistic system" from Communism. If our system has failed, as Communists claim, its failure cannot be attributed to democracy but rather to lack of it. There can be no government by and for the people until the people themselves take interest in its functionings.—*Dr. Leon M. Karp.*

EDGEWATER, MD.—Your able editorials on Communism remind one of a good shot gone wide of the mark, or the violent blow of a hammer missing the spike.

Upon sober reflection, you will agree that Communism is not a cause but an effect.

If we continue in the future, as consistently as we have in the past, to discourage enterprise and encourage indolence and dependence, we copy, unwittingly, the precise methods that in Russia climaxed in the demise of the Czar and the triumph of Stalin and Communism.—*William L. Coff.*

"SEX AND CUSS WORDS—"

HAVANA, CUBA—In my opinion, So Brave the Coward, in May 11 Liberty, has been enjoyed by more people than have the carousing, sex, and cuss-word ones that too often fill your pages.—*Pn.*

MORE GANDER SAUCE

SPOKANE, WASH.—Answering T. F. of Nebraska City, Nebraska, who in March 30 Vox Pop said, in substance, that married women employees should be discharged and no single woman under thirty years old should be employed unless she is a widow or orphan, may I say that if such a rule were applied to women, then no man should be allowed to work who has parents or other relatives who could support him? To force the entire depression upon women would be un-American and inhuman.—*Fannie Ackley.*

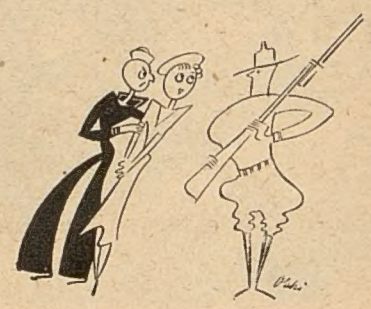
GET HERSELF A SOLDIER . . .

FORT SILL, OKLA.—The discussion of marines and sailors is all very well, but if the lady wants a real he-man, why in the world doesn't she get herself a soldier?

I've read about sailors and marines in your magazine until I think it is high time a soldier had a say in your column.

In this bow-and-arrow country where we don't have to be bothered with salt water and salt-water smells—including sailors, marines, and coast-guard sailors—the men in the service grow into real he-men.

If all the barefooted deck swabbers and seagoing bellhops were laid end to end, it would be—a good thing! Perhaps the army could spare a few of the incoming recruits to take their places. —*Four Soldiers.*



BORN FULLY CLAD

SAYVILLE, N. Y.—In May 18 Vox Pop Mrs. Howard W. Carroll of Texas raises the battle cry against nudism and other channels of indecency. This raises several questions: Is Mrs. Carroll and her tribe being born fully clad, wearing fur, feathers, or clothing? If she bathes her babies, does she blindfold herself before she undresses them? Does she believe that God created man, and is God indecent because He created man in the nude?—*Frederick G. Hehr.*

MISSOULA, MONT.—I find myself rising in protest to Mrs. Howard W. Carroll's attack upon what she calls the "first seeds

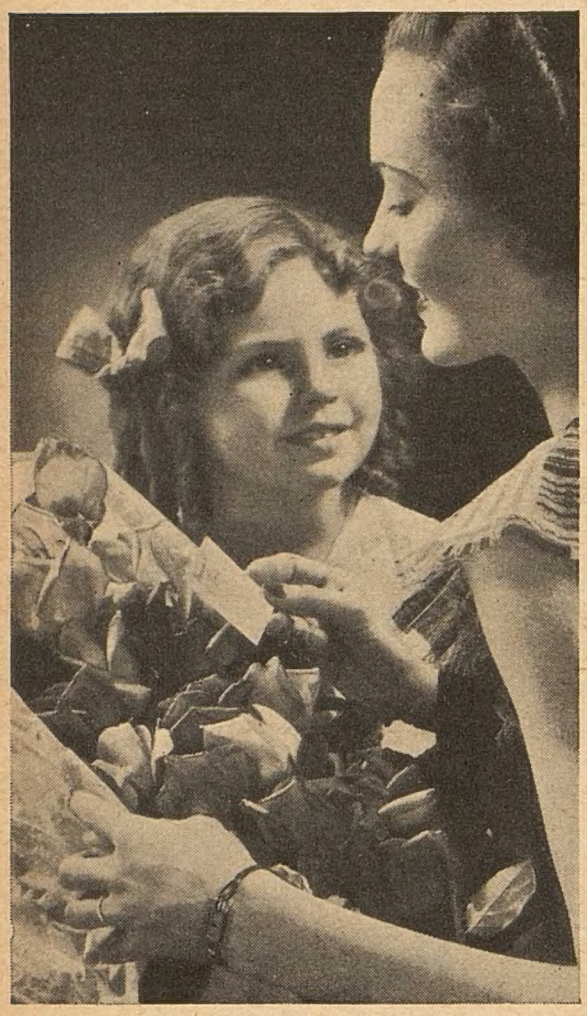
"Well, pop always does it!"

10 PER CENT FOR SUCKERS

TROY, OHIO—Wouldn't it be swell if all betting was legal—wheels, dice, cards, slot machines, lotteries, horse and dog racing, baseball and football pools, bull and cock fights, and any others I may have forgotten—just so Uncle Sam might get a few dollars taxes?

The winners would be: First, the gamblers who think up these percentage games (90 per cent for them, 10 per cent for the sucker). Second, the politicians who could gain votes by promising jobs, such as revenue collector and gambling inspector, to a lot of smaller would-be politicians. Third, these would-be politicians who get said jobs. Fourth, last, and probably least, the government, if any money is left.—*L. F.*

Flowers BRING HAPPINESS TO *any* HOME



Flowers say, "I love you just as I always did . . . I know how loyal and busy you are, and how weary you are, sometimes, at the day's end. So here are my thoughts told by flowers . . . told far better than I could tell them!"

Worth doing, don't you think? Yes, and worth doing *now*--for flowers, with their message of love, can turn any home, however elaborate or modest, into a palace of happiness. And if you're far from home, go to a florist who displays the Winged Mercury Emblem of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. You can give him your order with absolute confidence.

• • •

Send for your FREE copy of "How To Enjoy Flowers," by Bert Schiller McDonald, internationally known flower stylist. Write Headquarters, Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, 487 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Look for this Winged Mercury Emblem. It identifies the more than 6,500 quality florists who are bonded members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

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CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

Evening with Blotz . . . . . Ferrin Fraser 7

A Regular Guy . . . . . Leona Dalrymple 12

Heart Trouble . . . . . Phyllis Duganne 20

Shades of Night—A short short story
T. Morris Longstreth 27

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette . . . . Dorothy Day 44

SERIALS

The Man Who Played God Five Times—Part II
H. Bedford-Jones 34

The Case of the Caretaker's Cat—Part III
Erle Stanley Gardner 48

ARTICLES

The Private Life of the Dionne Quintuplets
Marguerite Mooers Marshall 30

An intimate chronicle of the first year . . . Here, in a revealing close-up, are all the things the world has wanted to know about its most famous babies

Patients I Could Murder . . . . . A Doctor's Wife 39

The end of fifteen years of long-suffering silence about you and you and YOU

Where Labor Stands After the Wreck of the NRA
William Green 42

America's union chief states the position of the workingman as a result of the Supreme Court's recent decision

FEATURES

Editorial . . . . . Bernarr Macfadden 4

Fashion Flashes from Paris . . . . . Doramiller 18

Twenty Questions 19

'Tisn't So . . . . . R. E. Doan 24

Manhunting, Melody, Mystery—
Movie Reviews . . . . . Beverly Hills 28

Good Books . . . . . Oliver Swift 33

Cross Word Puzzle 41

To the Ladies! . . . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 46

$5,000 Game of Famous Americans 55

Vox Pop 56

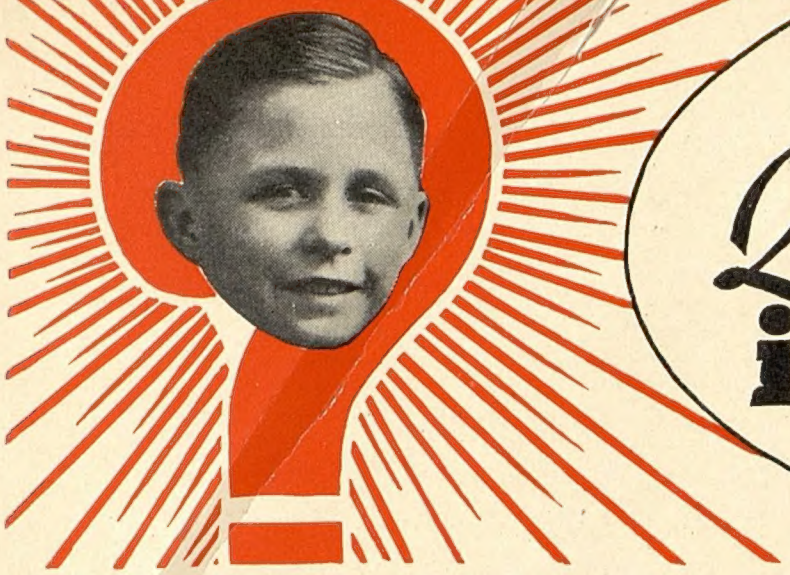
Cover by John Newton Howitt

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

SONG IN THE HEART by Richard Wormser—The realistic story of a stray cat that played a major role in the romantic climax in the lives of a foot-loose young man and a lovely but lonely young girl in a small town.

NEARLY BELOVED by Octavus Roy Cohen—Their professional life as a dancing team was complete rhythm. Their private life as man and wife was complete discord. And with marital bonds severed and their act on a business basis complete harmony was lacking. It was then that ex-wife outguessed her estranged mate in his frantic attempt to correct the situation.

Other stories and articles by Elizabeth Dunn, Donald Furthman Wickets, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, and Clara Beranger



The *Question Mark* in Your Home

What About That Boy of Yours?

TODAY—life's opportunities appear on new horizons. And youth faces a made-over crazy-quilt world—vastly different from that of your own boyhood. In the last ten years life's complexities have increased a thousand fold. Your boy, today, faces a future starved of common opportunity.

Yet you want your boy to attain even greater successes than you have enjoyed. You want him to reach new heights in achievement—despite the almost overpowering handicaps facing our present generation. But how?

The answer is a simple one. To succeed in battle, your troops must be seasoned and prepared. To achieve success in any of life's stations—you must have the proper background and preparation. And if your boy is to succeed under today's confused conditions—he must be prepared in today's school of accomplishment.

Meeting the Challenge to Modern Youth

Not an ordinary school to be sure. Not in the school of yesterday which is so wholly unadapted to tomorrow's needs. But rather a school cognizant of your boy's future problems—alert to his individual possibilities.

Such a school is awaiting that boy of yours. Such a school wants to help you plan and mold your boy's future—assure you of his success. That school—and there is none other like it in the world today—is Castle Heights Military Academy.

FULLY ACCREDITED: Endowed by that great builder and leader of men, Bernarr Macfadden—Castle Heights occupies an indeed unique and enviable position in the school world. It is neither badgered by old theories of education nor handicapped by present economic conditions. Its objective is to thoroughly prepare your boy for a higher education—to make him physically strong, well poised, and self-reliant.

In the Heart of the Old South

Picture if you will a delightful 225 acre campus, high on a hill outside the beautiful little town of Lebanon, Tennessee, thirty miles east of Nashville. Ten sturdy and picturesque buildings of brick and stone. Delightful living conditions. A corps of understanding instructors through whose efforts this school has attained the very highest scholastic rating. This is the school for your boy—Castle Heights.

Because this great school has been so generously endowed, the tuition is very low. It trains boys from the ages of 8 to 20. Takes them from the grammar school age through the first year of college. And low rates range from $550 for the Junior School to $650 for the Senior School—with only a comparatively small extra charge for necessary uniforms and accessories. Arrangements can be made for monthly payments.

Use the coupon below to quickly obtain further information.

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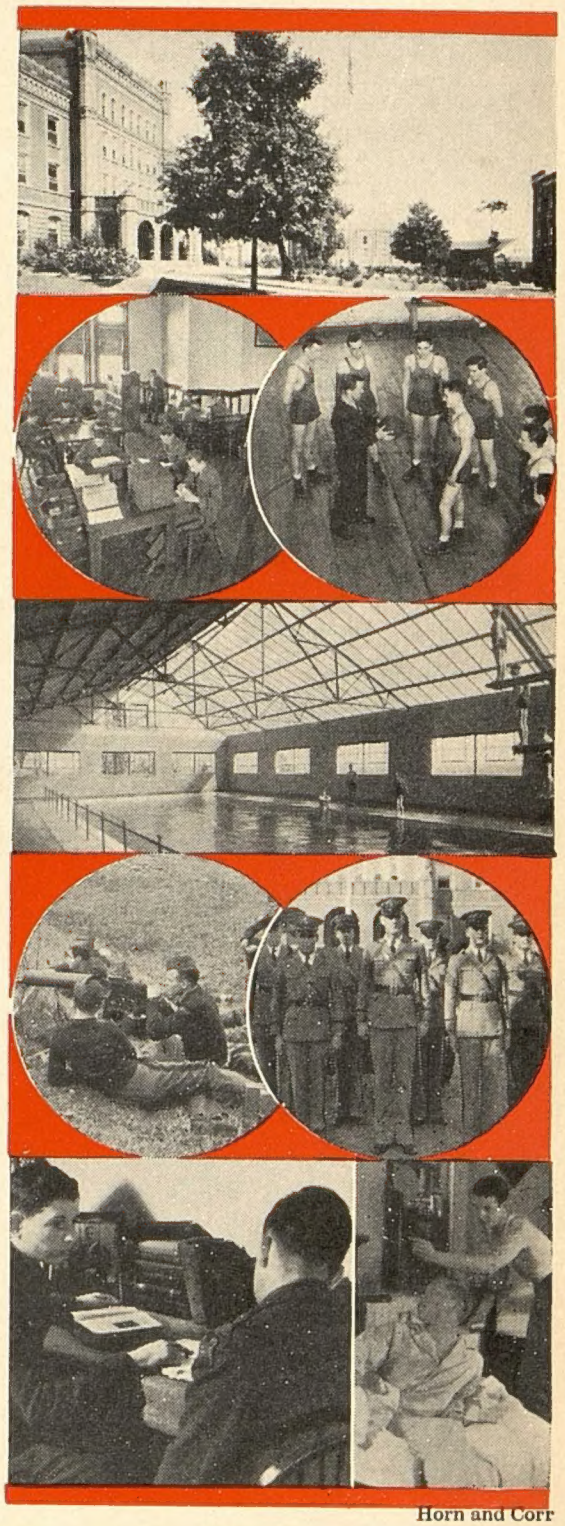
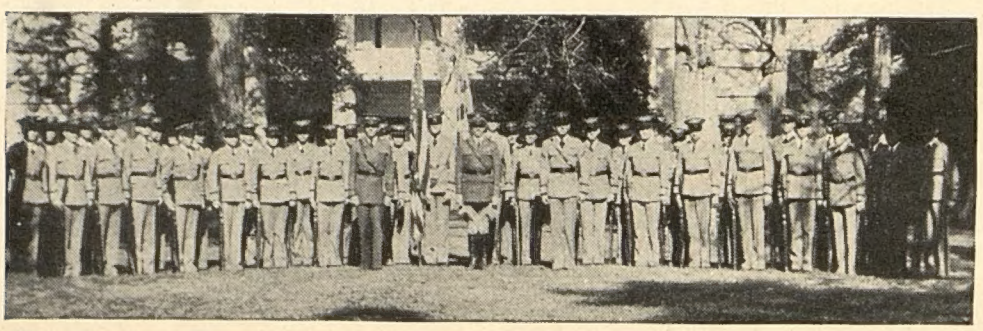


Horn and Corr



This Guard of Honor was selected from the Castle Heights Cadet Corps to greet President Roosevelt on his visit to the Hermitage, historical home of Andrew Jackson.

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L—6-29-35
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY, Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is.....years of age.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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I'm your best friend- I am your Lucky Strike

You wonder what makes me a better friend. It's center leaves. I spurn the sticky, bitter little top leaves. I scorn the coarse, grimy bottom leaves. I am made only of the mild, fragrant, expensive center leaves. I do not irritate your throat.

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